The Indian Ladies' Magazine

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USELESSNESS.

Let mine not be the saddest fate of all
To live beyond my greater self ; to see
My faculties decaying, as the tree
Stands stark and helpless while its green leaves fall.
Let me hear rather the imperious call,
Which all men dread, in my glad morning time,
And follow death ere I have reached my prime,
Or drunk the strengthening cordial of life's gall.
The lightning's stroke or the fierce tempest blast,
Which fells the green tree to the earth today,
Is kinder than the calm that lets it last,
Unhappy witness of its own decay.
May no man ever look on me and say,
" She lives, but all her usefulness is past."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

DRAUPADI'S MAGNANIMITY.

BY PANCHANAN GANGOPADHYAY.

Translated from the Bengali by

KAVASSERI SHIVARAMA KRISHNAN.

ALTHOUGH many charactors are described in stories and romances, it is the hero's character that is most elaborately developed, so that the others become less vivid. On hearing the word 'Ramayana,' it is the character and achievements of Ramachandra that are spontaneously recalled, and much attention is not drawn to the other characters described in that epic. In the Mahabharata too, there are many such ideal characters, but only the doings of Yudhishthira and others are more often brought to the mind. The name, 'Bhagavata', awakens the memory of Krishna's *lila*. Hence, if general attention is to be drawn to some one of the characters depicted in

the Puranas and classical epics, a separate development of that one becomes necesssary, making but casual mention of the hero's doing. It is with this purpose that many minor plays and romances come to be written, as for instance *Bharat-vilap* (Bharata's Lament) exemplifying Bharata's fraternal love, or *Bhishmer Sharshayya* (Bhishma's Bed of Arrows) showing forth Bhishma's character. We shall be astounded if we read of the magnanimous nature of Draupadi, indicated in a few words, among the numerous characters depicted in the Bhagavata.

Ashwathama entered the Pandavas' tent secretly at night and killed the five sleeping sons of Draupadi. Plunged in heavy grief, Draupadi began to weep on hearing the news of her children's death. A mother's heart is crushed if one child dies; the state of Draupadi when all her five sons perished at one stroke cannot even be imagined. It is natural in man to console the afflicted. Many spoke to her words of comfort in many ways. The consolation that Arjuna, the prince of Kshatriyas, offered was befitting a Kshatriya. He said :

'Then shall I wipe away thy tears, fair one, when thou, after thy sons' cremation, will bathe with the head of the vile Brahmin foeman for a seat, brought by me with the shafts released from my Gàndíva.'

The Kshatriya princess felt some comfort at the e consolatory words worthy of a warrior and waited expectantly for Arjuna's return. After a time, Arjuna returned to the tent with Ashwathama, bound with cords, and placed him in front of Draupadi.

Arjuna's words had kindled the fire of revenge in Draupadi's heart, crushed as it was with grief for her children, and she had derived some comfort only from his promise that he would kill the slayer of her sons. But, as soon as she saw Drona's son bound like a brute, motherly grief and desire for revenge vanished from her heart.

'Seeing the preceptor's son thus brought, bound with ropes even as kine are, and with head bent at his own execrable deed, Draupadi, woman that she was, was filled with compassion and bowed her head, grievously though he had injured her.'

The assembled people had felt sure that Draupadi, immediately on seeing Ashwathama, would ask Arjuna to cut off his head, and were astounded to see her bow before the captive like embodied fortitude and great-mindedness. Then Draupadi, unable any longer to bear such a slight offered to the Guru's son, thus spoke to Arjuna :

'A Brahmin is he and meet to be greatly worshipped ; let him, oh ! let him be released!'

Fearing that Arjuna would disregard her words, Draupadi, from respect to the Guru, proceeded to argue Arjuna out of committing the sin of slaying a Brahmin :

'By whose grace thou learnedst the lore of the bow ard its secret lore, as well as the sending and calling back of miraculous weapons, that sire Drona, here stands before thee in the guise of his son',—

So that by killing him Arjuna would incur the sins of killing a Brahmin and his own Guru as well. She told him further how Drona's wife, Kripi, did not follow her lord on his death, only because she had given birth to a hero like Ashwathâmâ. Now, if such a son were to be slain, Kripi would give up her life and Arjuna would be answerable for the death of a woman too.

By such reasoning Draupadi aimed at kindling a regard for *Dharma* in Arjuna's mind.

'And so, O great one and knower of *Dharma*, it is not meet that the preceptor's kin, worthy, of all worship should come to grief at your hands.'

And then in the hope of awakening pity in the warrior's heart she said :

'Let not his mother, who knew no God but her husband, weep as I am doing, aye lamenting with tear-stained face the death of my sons.'

Words like these that were spoken by Draupadi, overwhelmed with grief for her sons, are not to be found anywhere. That grief she was experiencing in every fibre of her heart; and she was anxious that the Guru's wife should not have to feel such sorrow for Ashwattama, even though he had killed her own children, and endeavoured to avert his death. With this object, she did not omit even to instil fear in Arjuna's mind, lest he should make light of her various arguments. She said :

'The Brahmin family, moved to fury by wild Kshatriyas, burns up the whole clan of the latter in the fire of sorrow'.

Draupadi appears as an embodiment of courage and forbearance in thus insisting on Ashwatthama's release. Sri Krishna, Yudhishthira and all other men and women there respectfully appreciated her words for their *Dharma*, reason, compassion, guilelessness and pathetic magnanimity. So, Arjuna following Krishna's direction severed the jewel on Ashwathama's head and, loosening his bonds, let him go alive.

On contemplating this action of that ideal woman, it appears impossible to measure, or even imagine, the bounds of her magnanimity. Her exalted standard of devotion to *Dharma*, her regard for the Guru, her courage, forbearance and compassion are evident in her endeavours to save the life of a deadly enemy, who had killed her sons even on being set before her as a prisoner.

No man can have such qualities, if *Dharma* is not considered the aim of life. Draupadi was able to set aside her own grief and save the Guru's son because she was so devoted to *Dharma*. Whatever regard for righteousness exists among men even in this iron age is derived from the character of our women; but even this is gradually decaying for want of cultivation, and as a result our children are becoming frivolous and unrighteous, weak and futile. The village saying, 'If mother is not, the son is not,' conceals a rare and profound truth. If Indian women to-day remain self-restrained and devoted to *Dharma*, even as of old, their sons can again be expected to be endowed with bravery, greatness, power and righteousness, and the India of the Mahabharata will return ere long and become again a holy land.

A GIANT IN LITERATURE.

AT the close of one of his literary essays, Lord Macaulay draws in his inimitable style a picture of those heads which live for ever on the canvas of Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the foreground of the picture, there is a gigantic body with a huge massive face seamed with the scars of disease, hands dirty and nails bitten and pared to the quick. The body moves its eyes and mouth with convulsive twitches, rolls heavily and puffs audibly. It cries out frequently, "Why Sir?" "What then Sir?", "No, Sir," and "You don't see your way through the question, Sir?" This strange yet attractive figure is the figure of Dr. Samuel Johnson, than whom no name more familiar is recorded in the history of English Literature.

Born of a bookseller and stationer, Johnson fought his way through poverty so dire that many a time, he ate behind a screen, ashamed to show his ragged clothes and doubting whether he would be able to find a meal when he felt hungry again. He was born when Queen Anne was on the throne of England. When he took to literature, the throne was occupied by a choleric little Sovereign, who cared nothing for letters. Fortune smiled on him when he was fifty-four years old, for George II had been succeeded by his son, who loved science and the arts as much as his father disliked them. The education of George III had been such that when, he came to the throne, his taste and beneficence prompted him to be the patron of men of letters. It having been represented to him that "Johnson was a very learned and good man without any certain provision", he was pleased to grant the impecunious scholar a pension of three hundred pounds a year. Johnson had not defined a pensioner in complimentary terms in his dictionery. He therefore hesitated to accept the pension without consulting his

friends. But the Earl of Bute, who was then the Prime Minister and who had the honour to announce the royal favour, assured Johnson that the pension was given, not for anything that Johnson was to do, but for what he had done. There was no stipulation whatever, nor even a tacit understanding, that he should write on the side of administration, as long as he was in the enjoyment of the pension. True, Johnson wrote afterwards political tracts against the opponents of the government, but they would have been written even if no pension had been granted to him.

Johnson was once described as a robust genius born to grapple with Libraries. He was a voracious reader of books, although it is said of him that he never read a book through. Sometimes, he read from a variety of books, throwing down one and taking up another. He had a strange habit of intently poring over the backs of books; and, when taunted for this strangeness of habit, he answered, " Sir, the reason is very plain. Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves or we know where we can find information upon it. When we enquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is to know what books have treated of it. This leads us to look at catalogues and the backs of books in libraries." In his early years, he read hard, and at eighteen he knew as much as he did when he was old. When a student at Oxford, an old gentleman said to him, " Young man, ply your books diligently now and acquire a stock of knowledge; for, when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task." Before proceeding to Oxford, he passed two years at home reading a great deal in a desultory manner, without any scheme of study, as chance threw books in his way and inclination directed him through them. Once he imagined that behind a large folio on an upper shelf in his father's shop, an apple had been hidden by his brother. He climbed up the shelf but instead of finding an apple, he discovered that the folio was Petrarch whom he had read somewhere as a restorer of learning. He became curious and sitting down, read a great portion of the book with avidity. During the two years referred to, he read no work of amusement, no voyages nor travels. His reading was all literature, ancient writers all mainly; so that when he went to Oxford, he had looked into a great many books not commonly known at the Universities. He was ever general and unconfined in his studies, and consequently mastered no science in particular. But he managed to accumulate a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which made him a veritable giant among his contemporaries. By the way, desultory reading may not earn the approval of fastidious scholars; but it has contributed to the making of many a literary person of repute.

Johnson's manners were far from polished. At the very first interview, which Boswell obtained after many attempts, he received

a stunning stroke at Johnson's hands. Johnson asked Tom Davies who had just introduced Boswell, what he thought of Garrick. In his eagerness to get into conversation with the great man, Boswell ventured to say a good word of Garrick. With a stern look, Johnson returned " Sir, I have known David Garrick longer than you have done and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." This answer, not merely mortified Boswell, but made him think that his long-indulged hope of obtaining Johnson's friendship had been blasted. Fortunately, his ardour was too uncommonly strong and his resolution too uncommonly persevering, to be deterred by such a rough reception from making further attempts. Had he withdrawn from the field, those table talks which enliven English literature and which will die only with the English language, would not have been recorded. n these talks, to use Boswell's own words, Johnson tossed and gored several persons. A nobleman regretted, in a company of men of literary distinction, that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement and lived more in polished society. "No, no my Lord," said one of the company, "do with him what you would, he would always have been a bear". "True", answered the nobleman, " but he would have been a dancing bear'. The epithet of a bear was going round to Johnson's prejudice, when Goldsmith, who knew him well, said justly and happily that he had nothing of the bear but his skin, for, though he had a roughnsss in his manner, no man alive had a more tender heart.

Goldsmith himself experienced the tenderness of Johnson's heart, when his foolish extravagance led to his arrest by his landlady for failure to pay rent. This incident will be of much interest in Johnson's own narration—"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was drest, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill." [The novel sold by Johnson is 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' The book-seller who bought it, had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, for Goldsmith's fame had not been elevated then. He ven-

tured to publish it only after Goldsmith had established his reputation by the appearance of his 'Traveller'!]

No man was more remarkable for personal courage than Johnson. His corporal prowess was as much as his intellect. He once declared that James Macpherson's 'Ossian' had no merit and that many men, many women and many children could have written it. This led to Macpherson writing to Johnson in a language different from that of a literary contest. Johnson rejoined that he would do his best to repel any violence offered to him and he would not be deterred by the menaces of a ruffian from detecting what he thought a cheat.

There are many other instances of his personal prowess and one of them is worth while recording here. In the playhouse at Litchfield, Johnson for a moment left the chair placed specially for him. A gentleman took possession of it, and Johnson on his return, civilly asked him to give it up. The gentleman, having rudely refused to quit the chair, Johnson laid hold of it and tossed him and the chair into the pit. Foote, the actor and mimic, contemplated imitating this action of Johnson on the stage, expecting that he could make great profits by ridiculing so celebrated a man. When Johnson was informed of Foote's contemplation at a dinner in a friend's house, he asked the friend what the common price of an oak stick was; and having been answered that it was six pence, he said, "Why then, Sir, give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for, I am told, Foote means to 'take me off' as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity." The friend took care to acquaint Foote of this, and the mimic, to his fortune, checked his wantonness. Boswell himself once remarked to Johnson that Foote had a great deal of humour and a singular talent for exhibiting character. Johnson admitted that Foote had humour, but held that his exhibition of character was not a talent, but a vice. "Did not he think of exhibiting you, Sir?" asked Boswell. "Sir," answered Johnson, "fear restrained him; he knew I would have broken his bones. I would have saved him the trouble of cutting off a leg. I would not have left him a leg to cut off."

T. D. TANGASWAMI.

EDUCATION

EDUCATION is an unfolding, growing process, and proceeds from within outward, which is also the natural order of development of all organic life and Nature. Accordingly, it is the only basis upon which to form and build up any democratic order

or Government. As asserted by Plato, "Like man, like state—" governments vary as the characters of men.

More recently, Samuel Smiles offered the wise counsel, that, "It is of comparatively little consequence how a man is governed from without, while everything depends upon how he governs and unfolds from within, the greatest slave being, not he who is ruled by a despot, but he who is in the thrall of his own moral ignorance, selfishness, and vice. So long as the fatal delusion prevails that liberty solely depends upon and consists in government, little benefit can be derived by change of masters or even institutions. The solid foundation of liberty must rest upon individual character, Where national character ceases to be upheld, a nation may be regarded as next to lost. Where it ceases to esteem and to practice the virtues of truthfulness, it does not deserve to live. And when the time arrives in any country, when wealth has so corrupted, or pleasure so depraved, or faction so infatuated a people, that honor, order, virtue, and loyalty have become things of the past, then amid the darknesss, when honest men—if there be such left—are groping for each other, their only remaining hope will be in the restoration and elevation of individual character, for by that alone can a nation be saved."

So much for the subjective aspect, but education in the light of the inner objective urge of men and women projects the inquiry, what is the aim of life? Given the observation of all natural organic life, it is evident that it is growth—reproductive—creative. And I assume from this as a basis, without going into long theoretical argument, that we shall right many of our social problems, when we have better united our social orders on a just basis of growth, and on the unfolding of each to the best extent of their powers and bent of their talent. In the face of this, it is inevitable that character building should be the primary basis of education.

Among one of the leaders, who have established a progressive school to advance the individuality and special fitness of the child, is Dr. Felix Adler of N. Y., who has stated as follows :—

"To improve human conditions it is necessary to improve human beings. The converse is also true. Better people to achieve better conditions; to have better people—the effort of change must be undertaken at both ends. But as soon as we agree that education is a mighty tool from which the greatest things are to be expected, we are challenged to examine the tool we have in hand, with the view to determine whether it is competent to perform its task. If education is to improve mankind, the first imperative necessity is that education itself be improved.'

And education must be practical, as in the words of Angelo Patri in his book, *School and Home.* "We are tired of the word, education. We want something real. We are tired of education where the teacher does the whole job, the thinking, talking, answering, and the rating. We are tired of education that makes us dependent. We have paid sufficient attention to dead things. We want to work with living forces. It is not enough to tell us to walk uprightly. Let us walk uprightly, then we shall know how it feels to be and to play the part of men and women. We shall feel it with our whole bodies and sense it with our whole souls."

Moreover, in as much as life is growth, and education and unfolding process from within outward, it must be recognized according to Prof. Charles H. Cooley, that, "The fundamental need of men is self-expression, for making their will felt in whatever they feel close to their hearts." Just as the muscles gain their temper by use, so the mind, soul, and character of child, woman, and man, expand and gain self-mastership and experience in expression. Under repression we begin to learn how important this is.

One of the most important mediums for co-ordinating mind and body in children, and becoming more and more recognized in America, is Interpretive Dancing. Leaders of this type of dancing have founded and conduct large schools, and have taken their place among the foremost thinkers in child education. Ted Shawn in his book—*The American Ballet,* gives every evidence of it, as well as a better spirit of civilizing, than found in others written by those devoted to that task of study alone.

States Mr. Shawn, "We would give the children their complete academic education, maintaining a staff of carefully-chosen teachers, and using the best methods in education. The training of children to-day inclines towards the development of the creative instinct, reverting to the root meaning of the word, educate, which is to draw out of the child those latent qualities which are all there in embriyo. The so-called academic studies would be correlated to the dance training, so that the child would study the history and geography along with the arts and decorations. Thus children, starting with the kindergarten and going through the usual grammar and high school grades would emerge with academic education and a synthetic art education, complete for that stage of attainment."

Man's idea of education and civilization, has been largely based on the idea of repressive discipline His failures, and whatever breaks out in erratic proportion, are due to his failure to interpret nature correctly, and to provide proper channels and means for healthy growth. But Nature will assert itself and its laws, in spite of man's criminal practice in religion, governments, and industry. Woman and motherhood have been prostituted by these

for ages, in spite of protest and misery, until today woman has gained freedom and position to challenge man on his own ground of control.

Civilization cannot progress greatly, or pure democracy obtain, until due respect and national honor pay tribute to scientific, educated, and capable mothers, and until such a society matures, in which it will be a pleasure for them to be such. Moralists and preachers rave about capable motherhood, while they foster those very conditions in which man has wrung, his sexual gratification from her at her cost. And, in regarding her as a slave, he has expected her to be the ideal mother also.

If women in their organized efforts would realize that the mature woman is she who has been a mother, that they cannot legislate morality and ethics into a people, that they can do most for posterity and progress through the child, whose habits beginning immediately at birth contribute the solid foundation to character; and when progressive leaders and movements support this fact, then, we will obtain men and women upright and determined enough to stop wars, corrupt government, and social evils. Nor is this a task involving only the mother but both parents. The home is equally a place for the father, as society and the world, for that of the mother; it is our task to bring about a just balance in this matter ; to find a just means, in which economic control does not become a disadvantageous power in the hands of one, or a pursuit so necessary, that we are caused to lose sight of the human end of life.

We have dedicated our social orders, except for a brief pause in a period of Greek history, to all other ends than the glorification and good of Man. Education has been a technical training, not so much for Man's own development, as for that of material building. In the words of Rousseau, who did much to inspire the democratic ideals upon which the American nation was founded,—"Man is born free, yet everywhere we find him in chains"

Just men have been endeavouring for ages to bring about a democratic social life, a social order run by, and for, the people. It has not been realized, because social leaders—due to lack of general knowledge and vision—have not had adequate faith in Man.

My experience as an executive in business with both men and women, has been that the person with less academic education, with a degree of natural rapid intellect, combined with a good character foundation and personal integrity, has been more dependable and a greater investment in the long run. Regardless of occupation or interest, Accuracy, Concentration, Courtesousness, Initiative, Judgment, Observation ; Perseverence, Preparedness, and Reliablity, are qualities to develop in a child, that it needs later in life in any and all pursuits; whether in business, government,

science, or art. Look among your friends and others, and you will find that the lack of one of these fundamentals greatly mars their efficiency and progress.

It was William James, one of our pioneers in education, who declared, "The most colossal improvement which recent years have seen in secondary education lies in the instruction of the manual training schools, not because they will give us people handy and practical for domestic life and better skill in trades, but because they will give citizens with an entirely different intellectual fibre. Laboratory work and shop work engender a habit of observation, a knowledge of the difference between accuracy and vagueness, and an insight into nature's complexity. They confer precision; because, if you are doing a thing, you must do it definitely right or wrong. Honesty develops, for, when you express yourself by making things, and not using words, it becomes impossible to dissimulate vagueness or ignorance by ambiguity. These schools beget a habit of self-reliance; they keep the interest and attention always cheerfully engaged, and reduce the teacher's disciplinary functions to a minimum."

It is not enough however that natural and normal methods of development take place only in childhood, and stop there. If a child finds equilibrium and balance in character and mental capacity, through opportunity of expression and practice, it is equally true that the same is necessary to continuous development and accomplishment in any stage of man's or woman's life. It is necessary to the health of any human society, where Woman and Man have pre-eminence over artificially created deities. For the great danger in every race has been, that, in the flower of material welfare, the public mind drifts away from the human ends and aspects of life, forgetting that Woman and Man are not only the seed of creation, the source of social action, but also the cause for its existence. The social problem is, not only to give every woman and man their due, the fullest opportunity for normal growth; but also to create a free medium, in which thoughts and ideas from specialized fields may find focus and mental co-ordination.

Much more distinctly than transportation, water power, or communication by post, telegraph, telephone, and radio—all of which are under strict government supervision and regulation—the press is burdened with responsiblity for general well-being, public morality, and harmonious operation of democratic government. The freedom of the Press was intended, and should in fact be, freedom to defend something other than majority opinion : it ought be a freedom to defend the minority opinion. But, more than this it should be looked upon as an agency of creative faculty, bringing forth thought from all angles.

"Education however, instead of being free to do its work has been sidetracked, and made to serve ends which are irrelevant—the state, the church, popular notions of morality, efficiency, ambition, and social security. Education has not these ends, but is something that will broaden the interests and sympathies of people regardless of their daily occupation—or along with it—to lift men's thought out of the monotony and drudgery which are the common lot, to free the mind from servitude and herd opinion, to train habits of judgment and appreciation of value, to carry on the struggle for human excellence in our day and generation, to temper passion with wisdom, to dispel prejudice by better knowledge of self, to enlist all men in the measure that they have capacity for it. in the achievement of civilization.

"The time must come when educators will have something to say on their own account. Instead of giving all their attention to social service, pedagogical methods, and administration detail, they will again approach their task in a philosophical spirit. Many people now see the need of a well-considered philosophy of education. The ancient Greeks felt the need, and perhaps we of the West are just beginning to realize the need to be better civilized."

NAPOLEON BERNARD.

OUR HISTORICAL ARTICLE

HEROINES OF MEWAR

A GLORIOUS DEFEAT.

OWING to the weakness of Rana Vikrama Singh, the country became a prey to the forces of disorder and disruption. The result was never in doubt. Unhappy Mewar had to meet the combined forces of Gazarat and Malwa. Vikramjit was defeated and driven out of the country. The capital city of Chitor was surrounded and there was little hope of any further resistance on the part of its citizens. Never had she fallen so low!

All of a sudden, Jawaharbai the Maharani of Chitor, called for an emergent meeting of Rajput ladies, and spoke to them thus:—"My sisters, we are ready today to save our womanly *dharma* by celebrating the *Johur*. Indeed we shall thus save our honour; but how could our country benefit by this useless act of self-sacrifice? We are all eager to meet death; but how shall we do it? If we die, would it not be better if we take with us the lives of our foes as well? Who would dare to assert that our arms lack strength? We, who hold in our palms the hands of Rajput warriors, can also wield the Rajput swords. A Rajaputni

is the goddess of her husband's home; in love his comrade; a queen in his kingdom; and his companion in the field of battle. It runs in our veins. And we have ever followed our lords to their fields of honour; And why hesitate today? Instead of a futile death, let us go to the battlefield and take the lives of our enemies. But beware, none should be allowed to be taken alive. If we fail to hunt the heads of our foes, instantly, should we offer our own heads on our swords and die."

. Hundreds of Rajput ladies rushed to the field. The enemies were simply stunned and confused at this unexpected attack. Inspired by the example of goddess Durga, the heroic Maenads took a terrible toll of their enemy's lives. But the small army of feminine heroism could not long contend against countless numbers. At last, they were all surrounded and cut to pieces. The Rajputni is truly a die-hard!

Ultimately Mewar fell and her warrior-Queens were all dead, with clenched swords. If none could survive, better such a glorious death as these daughters of the warrior clan had faced. Even in their defeat, their fame is still undimmed by the lapse of time

(2)

The princess of Rupnagar was being escorted to the court of Delhi to be married to Alamgir Aurangzeb. Being entreated, the Rana Raja Simha of Mewar resolved to rescue the unfortunate princess from infidel hands. His army was ordered to march at once. The chieftain of Chudavat was one of the feudal lords of Mewar, who were mobilised for the occasion. He must obey the Royal summons.

The chieftain was only recently married. How could he leave behind, him, perhaps helpless, his newly-brought bride? "My dear, I have no hope of returning alive," said he to his Queen. She replied quite characterestically, "That must be the ambition of every Rajput. What! do you fear Death?"

"No! it is not for my death that I fear", replied the chieftain, "it is on your account, my dear; just now you have entered wedlock. You have known nothing of this world. What will become of you after my death? It is this anxiety that is gnawing into my heart."

The Princess replied :—"God's will be be done. If misfortune befell you, do you think, a Rajput's daughter does not know her duties? Please go to war without anxiety on my account. I assure you, I shall not fail, nor even delay by a minute, to protect my honour after your departure; please go to war."

But suspicious hearts are not easily satisfied. The chieftain was not reassured. Just before departing, he spoke to his trusted servant maid about his doubts regarding his young wife, whether she would become *sati* or not. The young princess heard of her

lord's unfounded suspicions. She knew, that the chieftain would fail as a warrior in the battlefield if he were weighed down with anxiety concerning his home. She called for her servant and said :—You carry my head to my lord. Then at least, he will fight with a free heart."

In the flash of a moment, the Rajput maiden sundered her head with her own hand. The servant was struckdumb. She took the head to the chieftain as commanded by the dying queen. The suspicious husband was rendered speechless. He felt as if he had received heavenly inspiration. He tenderly wore the gory head round his neck, even like Kalarudra, and fell on his enemies, mad with fury. He cut and slashed on every side. His enemies' army was driven like leaves in a storm. The Princess of Rupnagar was rescued at last—from the Moghul forces—thanks to the *heroism of a sister Rajput princess.*

V. R.

With acknowledgements to *Tyagabhumi*

"THE KADUVAVETTI."

The Coming of the Stranger.

NOON and the sweltering heat of an Indian jungle! Even the squirrels seemed too lazy to move. In the distance was heard the monotonous "ding-dong-toch!" of the coppersmith bird. All else slept under the noon-day glare.

A discordant note was struck by the gaudy tents of a Rajah's hunting entourage pitched in a small open space, by pawing horses, the gentle sway of state-elephants, and the sunlight glinting on silver-covered howdahs. There were several tents, but one was larger, more variegated in colour, more out of place. Within sat the Rajah of Bhang and his courtiers.

The Maharajah reclined on soft cushions, a little apart from his followers. Of middle height, he was dark, and his moustache and short beard gave one an impression almost of ferocity. This was borne out by the gleaming spear and stout shield, which were standing against a chest a little way behind. A short sword lay near the Rajah's right hand. But. the air of. fierceness was belied by the ready smile and twinkling eyes Fifty summers had passed over him, but this son of India remained sturdy, strong and straight.

The Vizier had told some tale and the company was laughing, when suddenly the laughter ceased, as the tent's opening darkened and a figure entered, dusty, tattered, holding poised, for hurling, a spear aimed at the Raja. The courtiers hurriedly searched for weapons, when the voice of the stranger cut in upon their quest:

"Hold!" it cried "The man, that moves, hastens the death of his lord. Give me food and drink, and let me go in peace." The Rajah smiled.

"Friend," quoth he, "Thou art hot in body and hot in temper. Throw down that bodkin ! Lo, here be food and drink ; sit and eat." This was said in a casual tone, but the undercurrent air of authority brought the stranger's hand to his side, and the spear dropped from his fingers.

The Rajah clapped his hands, and to the attendants who came, he gave directions to provide the stranger with water to lave himself and apparel to wear, and then to lead him back to the main tent.

The stranger went with them,

"Yon stranger hath an open look", the Rajah said casually.

"My heart feared that he might lay open thy body Sire !", growled a hoary vassal

"Yea !" said another, "The stranger hath an eye of fire, and verily, methinks he could throw his spear at a pea and split it." He shook his head meaningly.

The Rajah smiled inscrutably ... ...

Once more the tent door darkened, and a tall figure swept in, robed in flowing silks. It made obeisance before the Rajah and stepping back, stood in full view of all within, tall, well-knit, with a roving eye to take hold of the heart of a maid, limbs whereon the muscles rippled like waves on a lake, and an honest face of pleasing ugliness. And the whole of him was about twenty-five years old.

"Friend," said the Rajah, "sit and eat. For it is ill that a full man should ask questions of an empty one."

Before the Rajah's words had ceased, the attendants had guided the stranger to a pile of cushions and set fruit and meats and drink before him; and he, by the largeness of his appetite, gave evidence of the length of his fast.

At last, replete, he stood up and turned to his host.

" Forgive me, Sire," he said ; "but hunger compelled me. I was driven from my home for an offence I did not commit. My lands were taken from me, and my doors shut in my face. Homeless, friendless, have I wandered."

The Rajah looked the stranger squarely in the eye.

"What may be thy name, thy station and what canst thou do?" he queried.

The stranger pondered awhile, and in a quiet voice answered:

"Sire, name have I none, my birth is as good as thine own. I can hold my saddle on the wildest horse thou canst procure, prove my sword on thy best swordsmen and throw my spear with the strongest in thy land."

The Raja eyed the stranger quizzically.

"Friend nameless," he retorted, thou hast an honest look, and I believe thy story. Abide thou with us. We will not seek after thy past nor harry thee with questions. Stay! Keep thyself close to me, for thou shall be my personal attendant."

The nameless one bowed low and stepped aside............

How the stranger got his name.

The hunt was on. Swishing grass and wary eye, glinting spear and gleaming swords, bows bent and swords drawn and nerves strung high. The din and the cry of the bears. •

Suddenly a lithe mass of yellow and black leaped before the Rajah's elephant and looked angrily about He seemed suddenly to decide on the Rajah as his chief assailant and author of his troubles. As the Rajah flung his spear, the elephant swayed, and the spear swished past the angry tiger.

Snarling and swishing his tail he glared at the Rajah. Then suddenly, the tail stopped its swishing and the tiger crouched and sprang. Square on the elephant's head he landed, knoching the mahout senseless to the ground. The elephant, maddened with fright and squealing in agony lurched to and fro, then ran madly through the forest. The Rajah keeping his feet with difficulty stood unarmed and helpless before the tiger. His courtiers, following as closely as they could, paused uncertainly with spears ready poised. The Rajah's elephant was moving swiftly trying to shake off the unaccustomed burden, and a spear aimed at the tiger might as easily miss altogether as lodge in the body of their master.

The Rajah, feeling that his end was near, decided to face it boldly like his fathers. The infuriated beast's hot breath was nauseating him, the hate-reddened eyes glared into his own, the cruel teeth were bared in a snarl. Setting his face-resolutly, the Rajah reached for the beast's throat. "Better to die fighting", he thought. Suddenly something hissed past his face. He saw a spurt of red blood, a dripping sword blade, heard a strange gurgle, then the head of the tiger fell within the howdah, and the twitching body thudded to the ground. The elephant rushed on a while and then stopped, trumpeting shrilly.

The Rajah wheeled round and stared at the other occupant of his howdah. The hunting party gazed open-mouthed.

The new personal-attendant of the Rajah, whom they had all forgotten for the moment, was calmly wiping his scimitar.

"One stroke! one stroke to sever a tiger's head from his body! Impossible!" the Rajah murmured unbelievingly. And yet the two bleeding pieces of flesh, which a few minutes before had been a living animal within an ace of putting an end to the life of the ruler of Bhang, bore mute testimony to the fact.

"LILAMANI WAS SIXTEEN"

(See page 413)

Silently, the party returned to camp.

Later, the Rajah spoke to his attendant.

"Friend nameless, nameless be thou no longer. I name thee "Kaduvavetti—slayer of Tigers! Thou shalt have charge over a portion of my armies and thou shalt earn thyself fame and honour."

The Kaduvavetti bowed low.

How the Kaduvavetti won him a bride.

. Two years had passed and the Kaduvavetti had gained much honour, and men spoke of his prowess on the battle-field with bated breath. He was the Rajah's most trusted counsellor, and his statesmanship was as efficient as his right arm was sure.

The Chief of the Rajah's armies was afraid of the maids. The daughters of the nobles of the Rajah's court vainly strove to attract him. Perhaps, they failed largely, because his visits to the capital were few and brief in duration. But maidens are crafty creatures and one, who had lovely hair, ceased wearing flowers that the beauty of her locks might stand alone. Another, who had beautiful arms, made herself a golden that the gold bracelet might be shamed by the ivory of her skin.

But the Kaduvavetti walked on unheeding,—heart-free.

One day, Lilamani, the only daughter of the Rajah, returned from a long sojourn at the distant court of an uncle. Lilamani was sixteen, and possesed all the beauty that Indian women can have, a lissome figure, an ivory complexion, big eyes. A mass of curly locks framed an exquisite face, almost elfin in its delicacy; the eyes now grave, now gay, indicated a love of mischief.

To her, the maidens carried the saga of the Kaduvavetti's achievements and the news of his imperviousness to feminine charms.

"What!" cried the princess, "doth the slayer of tigers defy Kama! We shall see! He shall bow low to him yea, grovel at his feet. Come, I will unfold a plan, whereby this same haughty warrior may be made to kneel at a maiden's feet." And the maidens merrily gathered around her.

... ...

The Kaduvavetti was walking in the palace-garden, awaiting audience with the Rajah, when suddenly he heard the sound of sobbing nearby. He searched around for the source. Crouched at the foot of a tree, he found a maiden weeping bitterly. The Kaduvavetti stepped swiftly to her side and raised her to her feet.

"Maiden, why weepest thou?" he asked gently.

"Lord" she answered, tears streaming down her cheeks, "I am the daughter of the Rajah's gardener. To-day, my father gave me a golden bracelet to keep awhile, and while I was

drawing water, the bracelet, which in my vanity I had put around my arm, slipped and fell into the water. The well is very deep, and my father will verily punish me." And she sobbed yet more bitterly.

The Kaduvavetti paused. He wondered if this lovely maiden was also one of those who sought to share his life. No! This was a poor damsel, who asked for nought save comfort. She was too beautiful to stoop to deceit and, and—and—that bracelet must have looked glorious on her arm. He made a sudden decision.

"Here!" he cried. "Take this bracelet of mine and make thy peace with thy father."

Hastily he unclasped the gem-studded bracelet from his own arm and thrust it into her hands, and, turning abruptly, sauntered away.

The maiden's tears ceased as if by magic, and a smile transfigured her face.

The Kaduvavetti walked on abstractedly, forgetting his audience with the Rajah. That night he dreamed of slender arms and golden bracelets, of a weeping maid, of an oval face and soft brown eyes brimming over with tears; of a rosebud mouth. He woke from his couch with a feeling of unease...........

The following day, the Rajah rallied him on his non-appearance at the Council chamber.

"Thou hast been with a maid," he said shrewdly. "Thou art all lover-like—sighing and wandering in thought."

The Kaduvavetti made no answer.

In the afternoon, the Kaduvavetti suddenly found himself at the same spot in the palace-garden. And the maiden was there too, making a garland of flowers and smiling bashfully at him as he approached.

"Is it peace between thy father and thee?" he asked.

The maiden noded mutely, and shyly she raised her head and looked into his eyes. The man knew a sense of panic. Then, suddenly rising, she flung the garland around his neck, and turning, fled down the path, her *saree* billowing behind her, slender ankles twinkling.

The Kaduvavetti stood petrified for a moment, then gave chase. It was a long race, for the maiden was fleet of foot. Finally, he caught her and held her by her hands. She faced him bravely.

"Thou art no gardener's daughter, maiden!" he affirmed. "Thou art too beautiful"

The maiden blushed and shook her head.

"What is thy name?" he asked.

"Lilamani", came the response from the downcast head, "and also, thou art hurting my hands."

"Maiden", said the man, "I thank thee for the garland, and-and-but-and, Oh ! Thou art so lovely !"

Here, a sense of panic overcame the slayer of tigers, for dropping her hands, he fled precipitately.

Lilamani, her face tinted to glorious pink, buried her face in her hands, and peal after peal of silvery laughter rang through the garden... ... ...

That night, the Kaduvavetti startled his old servant by asking him ; "Ho, Manu ! What gifts please a maiden ?

The old retainer shook his head.

"Maidens are dangerous, Lord !" he said, "They take men's hearts into their hands and play with them and break them, and laugh." The veteran warrior cursed under his breath.

"Pehaw !" retorted the Kaduvavetti, "Thou crusty old soldier ! Thou knowest nought of women's ways !"

Manu's eyes lit up as he asked softly :

"Dost thou, Lord ?

The question left the Kaduvavetti silent.

That night again he dreamed of Lilamani.

On the next day, once more he hied to the garden. Lilamani in all her loveliness sat on the grass making a flower-garland. She saw him approaching and smiled to herself.

" The plan works !" she murmured to no one in particular.

The man approached and stood by her, drinking in her beauty. Neither said a word.

She rose, quickly flung the garland around his neck and once more ran. Again, he gave chase and caught the tantalising maiden by her left hand. The shock of being suddenly stopped flung her against his breast. Swiftly his arms went around her. The sweet scent of her hair was in his nostrils, and the mocking face was near his own.

He bent and kissed her lips.

"Moon of my delight" he breathed, dry-tongued, "I have sought thee all my days. O ! Jewel of my heart's desire, I love thee, love thee, love thee ! Tell me, my dawn-maiden, dost thou love me one little measure, the length of thy tiny finger ?"

The maiden did not answer, but suffered him to kiss his fill. Curiously enough, she experienced a feeling of content, feeling his arms around her.

" Maiden," he asked finally, " wilt thou marry me, unworthy as I am ?"

" What !" she cried in mock astonishment, " the daughter of the Rajah's gardener to marry the Lord of the Rajah's armies !"

" I care not !" he cried desperately. " Lilamani, thou knowest I love thee. I care not if thou be the gardener's daughter. Say thou wilt learn to love me ; say thou wilt wed me !"

"Perhaps", she murmured, playing with the chain round his neck.

The Kaduvavetti pleaded, but received no other answer, and reluctantly he set her free.

That evening, the Princess told the other maidens of her meetings with the Kaduvavetti.

"Look! He has given me his bracelet. He has knelt to me, pleaded for my love, sought to marry me. His pride is humbled!" The tone was somehow lacking in triumph but the words were sufficiently convincing.

The maidens laughed gleefully in chorus; but curiously enough, the Princess felt annoyed at their glee.

... ...

There was to be a durbar the following day, and the king had said to his daughter:

"Thou shalt behold my most trusted friend and my bravest soldier at the Durbar, my child". And he had said it with the voice of one doing her a special favour.

The Princess smiled, but was loth to go, although this was part of the plan. She shrugged her shoulders, but the other maids clapped their hands in unholy joy.

That afternoon, the Kaduvavetti again met her and tried his utmost to gain an avowal of affection from her. But Lilamani warily turned the conversation into safer channels. Nevertheless, the Kaduvavetti returned home, head held high.

On the way, he met Manu his servant.

"Lord," began Manu eagerly, "I bring strange tidings! The Princess in connivance with the maids of her court has made a courtier fall in love with her, while she masqueraded as a servant. Tomorrow, at the Durbar, the man will see that the Princess and his beloved are one, and will be the laughing-stock of the other maidens that he has scorned!"

"Who told thee this, Manu?" the Kaduvavetti asked with growing fear at his heart.

"Why Lord," babbled the retainer, "all the slaves of the Palace speak of it. They say the courtier is a man high in office."

"Cease thy prating, fool!" the Kaduvavetti growled angrily.

The servant shook his head in perplexity and left his master.

The Kaduvavetti was tortured with doubt. True the Rajah's daughter's name was also Lilamani. But his little maid was too lovely to stoop to deceit. Why should she? What cared the Princess if, the Kaduvavetti failed to be interested in the maidens at the Palace? Yet! Lilamani was too beautiful to be a mere gardener's daughter.

Tormented with doubts and fears, the Kaduvavetti slept little that night.

Then came the Durbar, a blaze of colour, with nobles in silks and cloth of silver and gold. In the distance were the Rajah and his daughter, seated on thrones of gold. Behind the Princess, stood the daughters of the nobles., The courtiers, allies and nobles of the Rajah passed in file before the Royal throne, each making obeisance, touching his forehead with his sword in allegiance to his lord.

The Kaduvavetti could not see the Princess clearly, but saw that the maidens around were looking curiously at him. He felt as if he was being suffocated, and mechanically walked forward in the wake of the last of the Rajah's allies.

The Princess was whispering to one of her maids of honour, as the Chief of the King's armies stepped forward.

"Hail! O my Kaduvavetti!" the Rajah cried, "Daughter, lo, here is our friend. Greet him!"

The Kaduvavetti bowed low to the monarch and then raised his head. There was a mist before his eyes, and he looked haggard. He could not see the Princess clearly at first, only the smiling, mocking faces of the maidens behind her. Then the mist cleared, and he beheld the smiling oval of his lady's face; saw too his bracelet on her arm.

"The Rajah's daughter greets thee, Lord Kaduvavetti!" the soft voice was saying.

He scarcely heard. His heart was turned to lead. He was more oppressed with the fact that his lady had failed him, than that the maidens of the court were laughing at his discomfiture. Suddenly, he straightened himself. His face grew stern and his lips set in a firm line. He looked the Princess full in the face, bowed low to her, and turning, left the Palace.

The Princess's hand went to her throat. The maidens were laughing, but the Princess was wondering why she had so great a pain at her heart.

The voice of her father broke in on her thoughts.

"Is he ill"? he asked, his voice pregnant with concern.

None answered him.

The Princess grew more angry with the giggling girls. And why had he looked so angry? Had she hurt him very much? And why did she want to cry so much?

She also received no answer.

The Kaduvavetti staggered into his house and was ministered to by the understanding Manu.

A letter was handed to the Rajah the next day. The Kaduvavetti wrote, asking for the command of a punitive expedition, which was leaving shortly for the frontier. The Rajah, understanding in part, gave him what he asked.

While the expedition was being brought up to full strength, the Kaduvavetti kept away from the Palace. On the day of de-

parture, he bade farewell to the Rajah at a private audience which he had asked for. The Rajah, wisely, did not question him.

The Princess, sitting at her window, watched him go.

News reached the town periodically, news of the Kaduvavetti's bravery. Messengers said that he seemed to go out of his way to seek danger, but that he bore a charmed life. The Princess, with a great fear at her heart, prayed for his return.

One day, the Rajah sent for Lilamani, and putting his arms around her, said ;

"Light of mine Eyes, the Kaduvavetti came to me, a stranger, a wanderer. He said that his birth was as good as ours. Whether it be so or not, I care little. He is a man. It is my desire, if it be also, thine that he should be my son-in-law when he returneth. How sayest thou, daughter?"

The Princess made no answer—but in her own chamber wept, thinking of the way she had tricked the trusting soldier, of the danger she had driven him to, of the barrier she had raised with her own hands between them. He would never forgive her. Would he come back? Would he die? The gods forbid! She loved him! Death must not have him! He was hers!

Eighteen months passed, and the Princess grew sad-eyed.

A messenger came on a steaming horse. The Kaduvavetti had brought the expedition to a successful conclusion, but in the final encounter the leader had received serious wounds, and the leeches despaired of his life.

The Rajah himself bore the news to his daughter and caught her in his arms, as she fell in a dead faint.

When she had come round, the father questioned her and gradually drew out the whole tale. Instantly, he became the man of action. There was little he could do, but the first thing was to try to save his friend's life.

He gave crisp orders. The Kaduvavetti was to be carefully and swiftly brought to the palace.

They brought him in on a palanquin, his wounds , sore, and his body emaciated by a raging fever. Lilamani took on herself the duty of nursing him.

In his fever, the Kaduvavetti called for Lilamani and cursed the Princess, as if the two were separate personalities, while she who was both, caught her breath and soothed the burning forehead. The way to convalescence was punctuated with onsets of delirium ; but the Princess attended the sufferer devotedly.

Full consciousness came suddenly one day ; when thinking of his nurse as the gardener's daughter, he was caressing her hand. Suddenly, he flung it away and in spite of weakness rose from his bed and towered above her.

"Thou! Thou! Base deceiver!" he cried and struck her across the face.

He searched for his sword, staggering unsteadily, his lady at his wake fearing lest he fall. He found it and faced her, the blade drawn.

"Thou diest!" he raged. "Thou hast brought my pride to the dust! Thou shalt not live to see my shame."

The Princess bared her breast and faced him bravely.

"Strike beloved!" she said looking into his eyes, "Strike true! This heart tricked thee, this heart shamed thee! Strike! But remember, this heart loves thee!"

The Kaduvavetti raised the sword, his senses were swaying; he could only see his lady's face. Concern, anxiety showed in her eyes, but no fear. He bit his lip and drew back his hand, but the face followed till it was near his own. His senses were going and the sword dropped from fever-weakened fingers.

"I cannot! The gods help me! I cannot!' he cried.

He turned and sought his couch blindly, fell face downward on it and wept like a child.

Lilamani, lips quivering, and weeping unashamedly, knelt by his side and spoke softly to him.

"Lord of my heart, why wilt thou not believe? It is true I deceived thee and played with thee. But I knew of my love on the day of the Durbar. I have feared for thee, longed for thee and waited for thee. Wilt thou not forgive?"

So she pleaded, and what man can withstand a lovely maiden's pleading?

She raised him and seated him on the couch, her arm supporting him. He turned, looked at her and said:

"'Tis I, not thou! Mine the crime. I, a rough soldier, to presume to the love of the Princess. And these rude hands—these hands struck thee! May the gods forgive me!" He buried his face in his hands in utter abasement.

The Princess took away his hands from his face and gently drew the tired head to her breast, as a mother does her child. She crooned over her man and comforted him.

"Lord of me", she whispered, "knowest thou not that I would rather that thou shoulds't bruise, hurt and break this body of mine, which thou callest beautiful, than that the proudest king in all the world should kiss my feet?" And so the Kaduvavetti won his bride.

VICTOR PARANJOTI.

OUR POETRY PAGE

1. THE WRECK.

The lightnings are flashing,
The thunders are crashing,

The torrents are pouring,
The breakers are roaring,
The sea-birds are screeching,
The black rack is teaching
Affright.

The Port lamps are gleaming
The hurricane screaming,
One cold star is paling,
The Death-ghost is wailing,
The light-house is rocking,
Midst storm-panic shocking,
To-night.

Away in the distance,
With feeble resistance,
The doomed wreck is reeling
With awful appealing;
Stern timbers are creaking,
Swift rockets are streaking
The sky.

See! the life-boat puts out
Women weep and men shout,
But they part the deep gloom,
For a watery tomb:
Even the bravest turns pale,
As he ploughs that mad gale,
To die.

HERBERT PORTER.

2. THE FLOWER-SELLER'S SONG.

Flowers!
Pretty flowers.
Who'll buy my flowers?
Gathered for you
This morning at Kew,
Sparkling with dew,
Who'll buy my flowers?

Roses!
Sweet roses.
Who'll buy a rose?
Red or bright yellow bloom,
Placed in your cottage room,
Will banish care and gloom,
Who'll buy a rose?

LELAND J. BERRY.

3. PALESTINE.

(TO M. D.)

When the day breaks upon thine old-world streets,
Tranquil, serene, the morning sunlight falls
On temple courts, and oriental stalls
Rich-laid with spices, fragrant flowers and sweets,
But when night broods upon thy buried dreams
That once were thine, O sleeping Palestine,
Dost thou recall those memories divine
Of bygone years, when by thy hills and streams

The Christ-child's holy footsteps sometimes stray'd?
Dost thou dwell on the morning of thy days
Ere He ascended to His Paradise?
Lo, still the lilies blow where once He play'd,
And in the Temple, swells the Hymn of praise
That rises, with the incense, to the skies!

E. H. d'ALWIS.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

WHERE the waters of a pool lay deep and dark, and overhung with sweeping branches, smooth, round lotus leaves formed a carpet of green from which rose straight and slender the pure, pale flowers. They stood in friendly clusters, bending and bowing to each other as if in gay talk and one could almost hear the laughter that rocked them. On that exquisite April morning of blue and gold, their beauty was adorned by the sunshine, and their scent impregnated the soft air with its subtle sweetness. There was one that stood alone, apart from the rest. It was a little taller and a little more beautiful than the most lovely of its fellows. It swayed and bent in the tiny breeze that played with it, bowing and smiling at its own fair reflection in the cool, black shining waters below. There was not one human eye to look on all this white and golden wonder of the water lilies. Only the blue kingfisher who sat seemingly asleep, on a low branch of a mango tree, which overhung the waters, and the dragon flies that darted swiftly, here and there, like gay puppets dancing to the manipulation of invisible strings, with an occasional chattering squirrel, and a bird halting for a brief rest on its way—these were the only spectators of all this pageant of beanty.

Suddenly the rush of feet, the sound of clear childish voices raised in animated talk shattered the brooding silence of the quiet

spot. The kingfisher, startled, flew across, a flash of blue and green to its hiding place, and the dragon flies darted off, as the forms of two children burst into view. "Lotuses", they shouted "Oh, how lovely! We must get some." Sitting down by the bank they started to pull off their shoes. A strange hush had fallen on everything, the kingfisher peered out through its hole, the birds had ceased to sing, while they gazed wide-eyed at the work of thoughtless destruction about to be perpetuated, The lotuses were still and quiet, save that they seemed to shiver in fear and huddled together, all save one only, who held her head a litter higher and danced more gaily, heedless of all, and occupied only in gazing, Narcissus-like, at her own beauty.

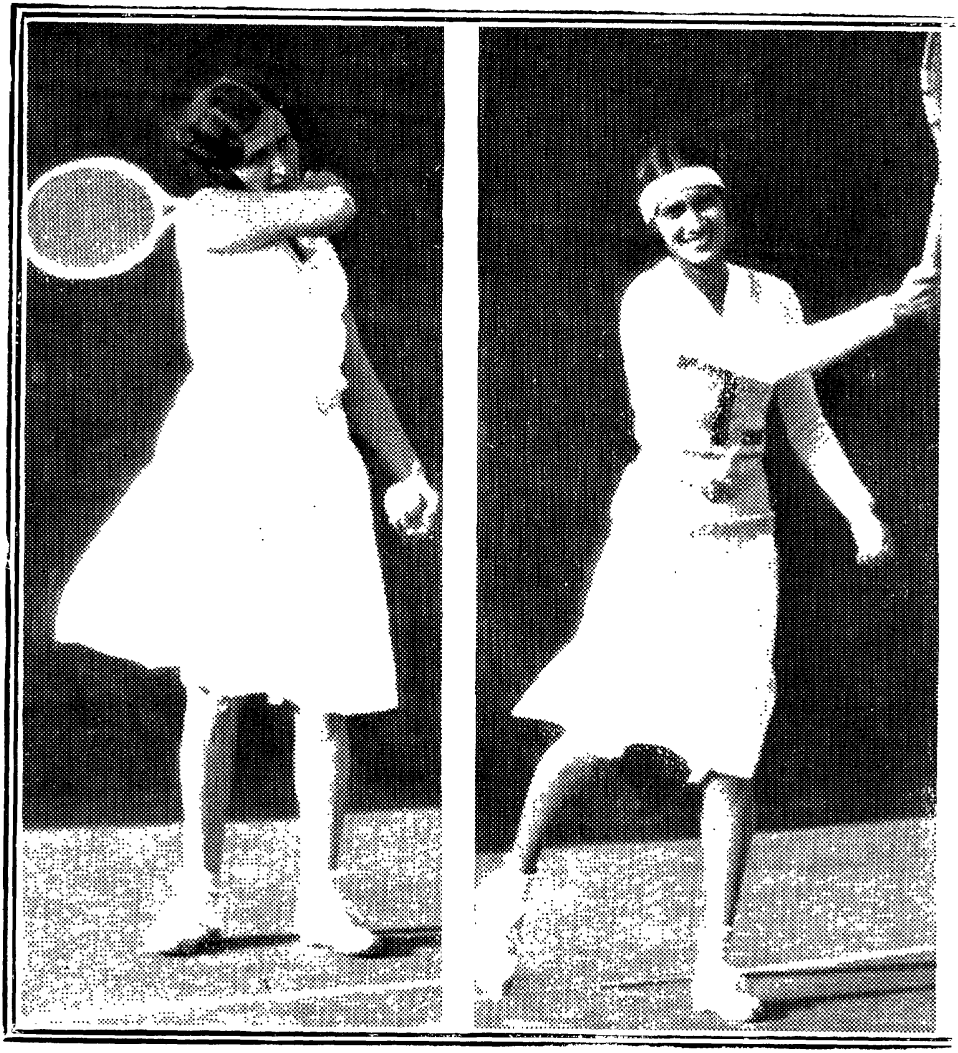
Carefully, the children waded in and with eager hands grasped and pulled out the long stalks. "Oh, look", said one; "look at that beautiful one standing alone. You may have all these, I shall take only that", and boldly striding into the water he firmly grasped the stalk and wrenched it out. Wading out of the water, the children danced away, one holding an armful of long, dripping stalks, the other with a single one clenched in his hand. As they went away there arose a cry of protest from the wild life around. The birds twittered excitedly to each other, the squirrels chattered long and shrilly, and the kingfisher returning to its perch gazed wonderingly at the denuded pool. Sacrilege had been committed, the temple robbed of its sacred vessels and the forest was expressing its indignation. The solemn mystery and ineffable peace of the quiet pool had been profaned by loud voices, unheeding feet and rude hands.

Meanwhile the children went on to their home. The one with the single flower held it between hot palms, gazed on its pure whiteness and pressed its fresh, sweet coolness to his flushed face. Very soon the spotless whiteness was smirched with disfiguring brown stains, it lost its faint perfume, the coolness gave away to a clammy warmth. It drooped wearily on its stalk, no longer the gay, young beauty of an hour ago. "Oh, how ugly it is!" exclaimed the child and crushing it in his hand, he flung it in the dust of the road, where it lay wilting away in the hot sun. A stray dog, in greedy search of food, sniffed at it and passed away, disappointed. A beggar, shuffling wearily along, pressed it with his toil-stained foot deeper into the mire, where it now lay, at one with its squalid surroundings, dust of the dust, slime of the slime, even as at the beginning.

M. DAVIDSON.

SOME PROMINENT INDIAN LADY TENNIS PLAYERS.

A PRINCESS ON THE COURT. Maharaj Kumari Jati Devi is the first princess to take part in the Ballygunj Tennis Tournament. She entered the Mixed Doubles with S. K. Chowdhuri.



Mrs. and Miss ROW, two well-known Tennis players of Bombay.

Miss M. R. KOWASJI, winner of the H. M. Khajurina Challenge cup in the Mixed Handicap Doubles in the recent Karachi Parsi Institute Tennis Tournament.

Photo.—R. VENKOBA RAO, Srirangam

Mrs. BUTLER, Winner of the Ladies' open Singles championship, in the M. C. C. Tournament recently played at Madras.

Miss KAMALA GOPALA MENON, runner-up in the open Mixed Doubles, in the M. U. C tournament at Madras.

Miss PADMINI SATTHIANADHAN, who was one of the winners of the Ladies' open Doubles championship in the M.U.C. tournament recently played at Madras.

Mrs. PATWARDHAN, a well-known Tennis player of Madras.

Photo by: R. VENKOBA RAO, Srirangam.

IN MAN'S REALM

1. HOME TRUTHS FROM THE EPICS.

1. The tree of knowledge has the Vedas as its branches, and Shastras as its flowers.

2. Truth, Knowledge, Dharma, Compassion, Calmness, and Forbearance are the six cardinal doctrines in life. They are like the mother, father, brother, friend, wife and so on.

3. It is worth while giving life and everything to protect virtue. Life is real and virtue earnest. Loss of life is only temporary, while loss of virtue is eternal shame.

4. Arjuna said that the Brahmans took delight in taking meals in other's houses; sheep in green grass, chaste woman in seeing the return of their husbands; but, he took delight in war.

5. He is the true man who looks at another's woman as his mother, other's wealth as dust, and other's life as his own.

6. Our body is not lasting. Our wealth is not constant, Death awaits at our doors and will take us unawares. So we must try to do good to others while we live.

7. We may most probably look for a flower in a fig tree, we may see a white crow high up in the air, we may see the legs of fish under water, but we cannot see the heart of women for all the worlds.

8. The man who feeds others on famine days, the man who gives wealth in prosperous days, the man who is brave in war, and the man who has no debts, are the fittest persons to be worshipped.

9. My wealth shall be for the virtuous, my youth for work, and the life I have shall be for the service to God in me.

10. Of all the portions of the body, the head is the most important one. Of all the senses the sense of seeing is the chief. Of all the tastes, salt is the chief taste, and for all the rivers, water is the most essential.

11. Whatever might be the shape of the pot, the clay is the same. Whatever may be the nature of the ornament, gold is the same, and milk is the same irrespective of the nature of the cow, and God is one irrespective of the nature of His Personality.

12. The man who has a taste for reading respects his teacher·
The man who has no relations has neither fear nor shame.
The learned have neither pleasures nor sorrows. The hungry blames neither the taste nor the nature of the preparation.

13. The liberal-minded and the generous have no wealth. The miser hoards wealth. Sinners are long-lived and the virtuous are short-lived. The man who has no heirs becomes a king, and the son of a nobleman becomes a servant.

14. The wisest man never acquaints others with his age, pro-

perty, family troubles, incantations, medicine, conjugal felicity, helping others, credit and discredit.

15. Cows, sons, houses, are men's worries in life. They are the outcome of karma and are subjected to decay. Why then do we feel sorry if any one of the above is lost?

16. The real untouchable is better than a man who speaks ill of others. The man, who left his daily duties, the man, who has excessive desires, and the man, who has uncontrollable anger, are the real untouchables.

17. A son is a king to his father until he is five, is a servant at fifteen, and a friend from the sixteenth year.

18. To see the sun at sunset, to breathe the fumes of the sacrificial fire-e. g. the Agnihotra, and the Aupasana- to mix with a woman of lesser age, and to take milk and food at night, prolong life.

19. Self-earned wealth is the best. Paternal wealth is secondary. A brother's wealth is bad, and there is no language for wealth earned by stealth.

20. Anger lives with a gentleman for a second, with an ordinary man for an hour, with a fool for a day, and with a sinner for life.

21. The man, who eats and drinks with a starving man outside, will surely go to hell. His food and drink will be poison.

22. The moon shines best in the night. The sun shines best in the day. Dharma shines always, and a good son shines in a family.

23. A man possessing nobility of manners is a friend, and relative. A man who protects is a father. A man who is faithful and trustworthy is a friend. A woman who gives pleasures is a wife.

24. A man's books, wife, and wealth are lost if they are touched by others. If the books are returned to him, they are in a mutilated condition. If his wife returns, to him, she is divorced. If wealth returns, it is only in slow degrees.

25. To see the sun at day break, to breathe the fumes of a burning corpse, to join with a lady of advanced years, to drink dirty water and to eat curd and rice at night shorten life.

26. One's own intellect will give pleasure. A teacher's intellect will give more pleasure. Other's intellect will bring evil, and woman's intellect will bring disaster.

27. A harlot is a visible demon. The sight of a dancing girl brings insanity. Her piercing orbs drain the pocket. To speak with her is sure ruination.

N. RAMABHADRAN,

2. THE EXPERIENCES OF AN INDIAN ORDERLY OFFICER TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING-EMPEROR—1928

V

Museums and Prominent Places in London.—During our stay in London we were taken to the following museums and prominent places.

1. *Royal United Service Museum.*—This museum occupies the Banqueting Hall of the Palace of Whitehall, and was built in 1622. From one of its windows, King Charles I stepped out out on to the scaffold in front, and was beheaded. The Museum contains a fascinating collection of arms and armour, and important relics of famous soldiers and sailors; also interesting models, and relics of the Great War.

2. *Natural Histury Museum.*—This museum contains the finest collection of all kinds of animals, birds and other natural things in the world. The equipment of the galleries and the arrangement of the exhibits are perfect. Each specimen is plainly labelled and described. Many students go there to get material for their studies. This museum is so big and there are so many galleries that no one can see the whole by paying only one visit. In some galleries, the skeletons of prehistoric animals are kept. It is said that the skeleton of a prehistoric animal was found in a trench in France during the Great War. When the war was over, steps were taken to remove it to the museum for preservation. It is the biggest skeleton in the museum. In another gallery I saw an animal whose length was about90 feet. In one of the halls, minerals of all kinds are kept, from which gold, silver, copper, brass and other materials are produced. This museum is very interesting.

3. *Science Museum and Victoria and Albert Museum, Indian Section.*—In the Science Museum there is a highly interesting collection of scientific apparatus and models of every description. Here are Stephenson's "Rocket," Alcock and Brown's Atlantic Aeroplane, etc., etc.,—Many of the models work by the pressure of a button, and generally the museum is of as much value to laymen as it is to the scientific expert.

The Victoria and Albert Museum, Indian section, is in a big building of sixteen halls. All of them are devoted to the illustration of the industrial arts of India, Burma, Afghanistan, Ceylon, Tibet and Siam.

There are idols of Buddha and models of the Taj Mahal and Kuttab Minar.

The presents of fine engraving works, done in gold and silver, which were presented to H. M. the King in 1911 by Bombay, Madras, United Provinces and Bengal Municipalities, are also kept in this Museum.

4. *British Museum.*—This great institution has no rival in the world. The exhibition galleries are full of old relics of the time about 500 B. C. The engraving work on stones of that time done by the Greeks, Buddhists, Chinese, Burmese can be seen here. Most of the engraving work of the Greeks resembles that of the Buddhists. It is said that when Alexander the Great went to India this art was transferred to Buddha. The noses of the relics of the Greeks and the Buddhas are alike.

As there were no papers in old times the men used to keep the accounts and records of their lands written on mud plates.

5. *Tate Gallery—National Gallery.* These Galleries contain the pictures of famous painters of different nations, such as Belgium, Holland, England and America. I saw there many gentlemen and ladies copying the pictures of the famous painters. I liked very much the pictures of Turner; he has painted a good many landscapes actually showing the shading of the sun rising and the sun setting.

6. *Parkes Museum.*—In this Museum sanitary and hygienic appliances are exhibited. People visits this museum and obtains knowledge about whatever they wish to do to keep their homes in a good sanitary condition. There are many appliances and models exhibited, showing the mode of drainage, filtering water and many other things.

7. *Houses of Lords and Commons.*—By kind permission of Lord Winterton, P. C., M. P., we were invited to tea and to see the work of the Houses of Lords and Commons. Seats were given to us in the upper gallery of the House of Commons. When the President arrived and took his place the other members of the House also took their seats.

There were the Government members on one side and the Opposition on the other side. Discussion on many questions was carried on orally by the members. About ten reporters were very busy making notes on the day's proceedings. There were two ladies among the members of Parliament.

8. *Tower of London.*—This has served at one time or another as a prison, a palace, and a fortress, and probably no other building in London has so many interesting links with the historic past. The White Tower was built by William the Conqueror in 1078, and the fortress was added to by succeeding monarchs. The White Tower contains the armouries (a museum of weapons of much interest), the headsman's axe and block etc., which were used in old days for the execution of important state prisoners. In the Wakefield tower are the Crown jewels. Among these jewels, I saw the Crown which was put on the head of H. M. The King at the Delhi Durbar, "The Kohinoor Hira." Mr. Younghusband, who attempted to climb Mount Everest about four years o, is at present in charge of this Tower.

9. *Westminster Abbey.*—This is the most venerated spot in the British Empire. It was founded in 1042 by King Edward the Confessor. It has been the place of coronation and of the burial of nearly every English sovereign. The most beautiful portion is Henry VII's Chapel. Edward the Confessor's Chapel contains his shrine and the famous Coronation Chair. In the Abbey are also buried many famous men. The tomb of the Unknown Warrior is in the Nave opposite the west entrance.

MANAJIRAO PALANDE.

FRIENDLY CHATS

HINDU MARRIAGE REFORM.

THE recent constituent conference of the All India Women's Conference for reform, which met at Madras in November last, was quite a memorable session : and a great deal of controversy seems to have centred round one of the resolutions viz, the introduction of facilities for divorce in Hindu Law. As was expected, there were at once two parties, the one upholding the rights of Hindu women to divorce under all circumstances, and the other party firmly believing that resolutions of such a nature were premature, illogical, and fruitless.

Whatever the effect of the resolution might be, the passing of a resolution like this by a certain section of women, who I take it, meant every bit of what they said, throws a flood of light on one aspect of the Womens' Movement in India, towards Social reform : and the passing of such a resolution directly after the Sarda Act, in a Presidency which has been notoriously opposing the principles of the Act, must be an eye-opener to all thoughtful men on this very important question. According to the women of Madras, the main arguments advanced for the introduction of divorce law, are the intolerable system of Hindu marriage, as it exists today, and the conditions of living, forced upon women in general : and, if we suppose, that, with the passing of the Sarda Act, young men and young women will have a better freedom hereafter to choose their partners in life, it follows, too, that in cases where there might arise a need of separation later on, when the parties themselves feel so, they ought not to continue their existing relationships.

So, on the face of it, the demand seems to be a perfectly genuine one : and reasonable and just as well. One feels, like congratulating the women of Madras, on the somewhat bold step they have taken too. Some one had to set the ball rolling, and Madras has done it. So far so good.

But one feels like asking, is it practicable? Do these one hundred women and more, who gathered one warm pleasant, after-

noon on the terrace of the Senate House at Madras, after tea and sandwiches, represent the thousands of other women around them, who know nothing about marriage, much less about divorce? It is one thing for a small group of individuals to revolt against the oppressive traditions, and it is another to say they represent the many. One could sympathise with these ardent pioneers if they could say they had the masses behind them. But few of them have taken the trouble to come down from the platforms they stood on, and spoke only to a crowd of smug listeners. Every one spoke and the resolutions were passed in perfect English. But outside in the broiling heat of a November afternoon, a score of women employed by the corporation, marched endlessly in a monotonous way carrying baskets of sand to and fro from the sea front. They saw the cars driving past them full of young ladies so charming and pleasing to behold! And the poor women wondered too what the beautiful ladies had gathered for, and what they were doing. Were they told of the resolutions? One does not know.

The case of Bombay and Madras, where problems of Social Reform are discussed and conclusions are arrived at, is vastly different from that of other sister Provinces. It is particularly so in Madras, where if one might so call it, a peculiar hybrid atmosphere of Eastern superstition and Western progress has come to prevail. The typical modern Madrasi woman represents practically nothing except perhaps the University degree she holds. She is a class by herself and unlike her sisters in the North, she does not represent the result of a definite tradition, culture and vision. Probably the readiness with which she has assimilated all that is Western, makes her so. As Miss Choksey observes in "Women of Modern India", it is all very natural to her, the taking up of any scheme of work and to be at the forefront where matters of Social Reform are concerned.

If we take these facts into consideration, it is really doubtful whether the cry of the Madrasi Women, represents a real need, or a real grievance. Of course, it is more fashionable and good to be in the limelight with the most modern ideas. The Madrasi woman deserves all credit. But then again, what is her contribution to the betterment of her less educated sisters? Where are the mass movements in that Presidency? How many women are even aware that there is such an institution like the Women's Indian Association for instance? or for the matter of that the Educational Conference? And to what extent do these movements touch even the fringe of the woman's life and existence?

So, there again, arises the question, 'Is there a need'? It is a rather pathetic spectacle, when responsible women begin crying from housetops that the first and foremost wrong, and the most offensive too, is the Institution of Marriage. Probably it is too: for it must be said that the Hindu marriage of today is a horrible

failure: It is indeed no marriage at all. But there is no point either, in becoming hysterical over a wrong. What is wanted is a real genuine expression of organised public opinion. Education is the primary need.

The Hindu Woman, as she is today, is nowhere. She must be made a unit in Society first: and a responsible unit as well. She must be made capable of thinking for herself, and acting for herself. The Sarada Act has come as a great relief, since it will give every Hindu girl a chance to live. If only some of our more enlightened women turned their eyes to this aspect of the question, if they endeavoured to raise the general standard and tried to emphasise the necessity of leading real dignified lives in every sense of the word, they would achieve a great deal, for let us remember that, 'whilst our heads are in the clouds, our feet are on the earth.' It is wise to understand where we stand, to look about and then try to be of some use.

Men have been very fair to the women's cause in India: more fair than the men of other countries have been. Women have, and will always have, the support of all genuine lovers of freedom and fair play, where their schemes of Reform are concerned.

But, let us have decent marriages first. Then let us talk of Divorce. Otherwise, we shall be putting the cart before the horse.

Will every educated mother or woman make it possible for her daughter to choose the line of work or activity she wishes to take, or allow her the freedom to choose her partner in life?

The need of divorce will arise, when it is possible first for a young man to meet another young woman in a perfectly natural way: what is wanted is an 'atmosphere!' Let us create this atmosphere first. Let us make it possible too, to bring young people more and more together. The divorce, or the necessity of separation, will come later on. It is on these lines, it seems to me, that reform must take place.

R. L. RAU.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

1. STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

(*a*) THE MONKEY AND THE TRAPEZE.

At the Zoo, many animals appeared behind cage bars. Lions roared, leopards walked from side to side of their prison. Tigers glared from behind the iron of their captivity, or lay on the floor of their cage, bored beyond rage, whilst their powerful muscles fell to atrophy. A great crowd filled the place, and especially was the

monkey-house a magnet of attraction, for one little monkey, inspired to vanity by the eager crowd of boys and girls who had gathered round, began some most marvellous acrobatic feats upon the trapeze at the top of the den. He leapt up a rope, swung himself upon the trapeze, rolled over, hung on by his tail, swung the trapeze, and then leapt to another trapeze at a great distance away. There he sat himself upon the top bar, looking down at the folk for admiration. Suddenly a much older male of the same species espied the youngster disporting himself upon the top bar, near the roof. He screamed at the young one, and, seizing the rope, leapt up it, and followed the antics of the young monkey, until he, too, reached the top. He handed the youngster one mighty blow and sent him screaming down the trapeze to the floor.

Moral : The aged hate vanity in the adolescent.

(*b.*) THE HOUSES AND THE EARTHQUAKE.

High upon a cliff stood some very stout houses. They had withstood centuries of gales and one day, they fell to boasting about their immortality. They patted each other on the back about being built upon a rock, and that they were not like the silly houses below, at some distance away, which were built upon sand. "Of course the waters will wash away our stupid neighbours, before long," said one of the houses. "Aye, and we, from this fine elevation and view point, will be able to see and laugh at their ruin," said another of the houses. Suddenly a seismic disturbance took place, and an earthquake split the rock from top to bottom. The boastful houses crashed immediately into the midst of the Earth.
Moral : They that have climbed to the highest and safest places in life are foolish to boast impregnability. In this world there is nothing that is safe from calamity.

HERBERT PORTER.

1. OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

I am sure most of you have heard of our young Indian Poetess, Toru Dutt, who died when she was but twenty-one years old.

In case you have not, let me just give you a very brief sketch of her life, for all of us should know something of one of our greatest modern Indian poetesses, who doubtless would have risen to the highest ranks of literary merit, if she had but lived longer.

Torulatta Dutt was the youngest child of Govind Chunder Dutt, a Bengali Christian. She was born in 1856, and she had a brother called Abjie, who died at an early age, and a sister Aru.

In 1869, Mr. Dutt made up his mind to go to Europe for, his son had died by then, and he was determined to give his two daughters the best education.

They went to France for a short time, and then to England, where they stayed until 1873. It was France, however, which really inspired Toru, although they made a longer stay in England.

After their return to Calcutta, where they lived a quiet retired life, Toru continued her study of French, and started learning Sanskrit. She also began her literary work, and her first contribution appeared in the Bengal Magazine.

In 1874 Aru, her elder sister, died of consumption, and in 1876 Toru's first book, *A Sheaf gleaned in French Fields*, was published.

It is needless to speak of the merit of this book, although those published later were far better. There is a poem in this little volume, which I shall quote here, for it shows some of Toru's thoughts in connection with the death of her sister, Aru ;—

Though childhood's ways were past and gone,
  More innocent no child could be ;
Though grace in every feature shone,
  Her maiden heart was fancy-free.

A few more months or happy days,
  And love would blossom, so we thought,
As lifts in April's genial rays
  The rose its clusters richly wrought.

But God had destined otherwise,
  And so she gently fell asleep,
A creature of the starry skies,
  Too lovely for the earth to keep.

She died in earliest womanhood ;
  Thus dies, and leaves behind no trace,
A bird's song in a leafy wood,
  Thus melts a sweet smile from the face."

Soon after the appearance of this book, Toru's health began to fail, and her father, thinking rest would do her good, made her give up Sanskrit. But she became worse and worse, and in 1878 she died.

A short sad life, but a life far greater than those who may live to be a hundred years old.

Her heart-broken father speaks of her in the following words:—

"Never was there a sweeter child, and she was my last. I and my wife in our old age are left alone in a house wide and desolate, where of old the voices of my three loved ones echoed!"

Toru left many writings behind, which her father got printed, and which made her one of the best modern poetesses that India ever possessed.

Perhaps you are too young now really to understand her poems, but there will come a time when you will really love to read them.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XXI. INFLAMMATION OF THE EAR.

This condition is very common in children and is one of the commonest causes that make children cry. The middle ear (i. e, the cavity situated internal to the drum) being lined by a mucous membrane, which is in direct communication with the mucous membrane of the nose and throat through the Eustachian Tube, its inflammation is generally secondary to affections of nose and throat, such as cold, adenoids etc. It may also start after measles, or after an exposure to cold.

Symptoms: The inflammation is ushered in by severe pain in the ear, evidenced by the child crying and putting his hands to the organ. It is worse at night and is increased by pressure and by movements of the jaw. The interior of the ear will appear red and swollen. Fever and restlessness are present, depending upon the severity of the inflammation. A discharge will soon follow, which will be first mucous in character and later on assume the character of *pus*, owing to secondary infection from outside or through the nose and throat.

Generally, the inflammation subsides soon after the discharge make its appearance, and if mere cleanliness is observed the discharge stops and no ill results follow. In many cases, however, if the child is suffering from any debilitating illness, or if its vitality is low, infection follows, leading to a chronic discharge, running for years, sometimes into adolescence and adult life, giving rise to deafness of varying degrees, and various other complications. This is a common sight in every hospital and speaks volumes about the care bestowed upon the patient in his childhood.

Treatment. It is, therefore, obvious that the greatest care should be taken in dealing with affections of the ear in childhood.

As soon as pain is noticed in the ear, the discharge and the possibility of its becoming chronic should be anticipated and in order to prevent infection from outside, the ear should be purified either by syringing with warm boric lotion, or by instilling into the ear a few drops of hydrogen peroxide followed by wiping and plugging with cotton. The child should be protected from cold and his general health attended to by suitable diet and a smart purge. For the relief of pain, the ear and its neighbourhood are fomented by the application of heat in the form of a hot-water bottle, or hot bran or antiphlogistine. When the discharge has commenced, it should be washed away by gentle syringing or by instilling hydrogen peroxide and the ear plugged with absorbent cotton, until healing has occured which usually takes place in a week. If on the other hand, the discharge becomes thick and chronic or offensive, it calls for more serious attention and active treatment, and the little patient, therefore, should be placed under proper medical care.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

Beauty.

MANY of us are under the false impression that beauty consists in outward features alone with the result that so many of us, who have a plain face, often feel miserable, and unnecessarily envy those of our sisters who are deemed more beautiful by the world. But I came across an article in the *Modern Review* called "The Philosophy of Human Beauty," in which the author says, "There is another kind of beauty which rises as much higher than mere externality, as the mind rises above matter. It is the beauty that is in us. Stopford Brooke hints at it when he says: "The outward form takes its glory or its baseness from the inward spirit!' "

Yes, there is the beauty of our inner natures which we have to cultivate in order to become truly beautiful; for when a woman's soul is hard and discontented with the world, no amount of regularity in the modelling of her outer features can make her really beautiful. On the contrary, the reverse is often true, for the plainest woman can be termed beautiful, if her expression shews the inner depths of a beautiful soul. Age cannot mar such beauty, for it "will stand the test of time, of our neighbours, of our own eyes, and of the scrutiny of Him who cannot be deceived."

Let us, therefore, try to cultivate this inner beauty of the mind, and not waste too much time and energy on external trappings alone.

"Human beauty has a threefold basis"—says the same article which I mentioned before. "Physical, intellectual, and moral growth in beauty must be based upon threefold culture."

Physical beauty consists "in good health and a perfect development of the body." Artificial means of improving physical beauty never really helps. "It is coming to be seen that the best cosmetics are fresh air, sunshine, exercise, nutritious food, regular sleep, taken between ten o'clock at night and seven in the morning, regular work every day, worthy objects to live for, and a quiet, regular, active, natural and useful life."

Then comes the second point, where the intellect has to be developed.

"It is well known that people in low states of civilisation are seldom fine-looking,—are seldom possessed of anything that we would call beauty. Why? The principal reason seems to be the stolidity, the dullness of mind of these people, which makes them unattractive, whatever may be their physical features. There is no mind-beauty to shine through the physical, to light it up. So, too, in civilised lands, persons, who live low down in the senses, are never beautiful with any kind of beauty, except the lowest, the coarsest, the most transitory."

On the other hand, the plainest people look beautiful, if they have an intelligent expression.

"Closely connected with the intellect as a source of beauty, stands the moral nature. It is not simply the intellect that speaks through the face; the whole character does so."

Yes, it is the inner mind which has to be cultivated, and the inner nature made more spiritual, in order to make the external more beautiful. Expression is the chief point of beauty, and as long as our minds are clogged with worldly worry and a feeling of discontentedness towards the world we shall be ugly, no matter how perfect our features may be. Let us therefore live better lives, and think better thoughts. "We must create for ourselves Beautiful Souls."

SISTER SUSIE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE LIBRARY.

To have a Library in one's house—a sanctuary where one can spend a quiet hour away from the stress and turmoil of this world—is indeed a great comfort. And yet—how many houses in India can boast of a really comfortable Library? Indeed, it is hard to find a single house wherein the owner has a really good Library. Each house has its Dining room, its Sitting room, its Bedroom, etc. but a Library.! No! Does this mean that we

Indians are lacking in culture, or that we are too materialistic to care to have a quiet room with our favourite authors all around us? No, we cannot be accused of such faults, for we are naturally more inclined to study and meditation than our brothers and sisters of the West. I think it is mere carelessness and lack of initiative which has hitherto made us ignore the comforts of a Library. In many an Indian house have I seen books scattered in odd cupboards and almyras in any part of the house—books most carelessly treated and covered with dust and cobwebs, which shows nothing but laziness on the part of the housewife to collect and arrange them together.

Why cannot all of us, who are fond of reading, set aside a special little cosy room in our house, to be our Library, and also a little of our allowance each month to buy good books? The room should be well ventilated and cool, and neat glass almyras should be placed along the walls, containing well bound volumes. Vernacular books should be kept on one side, and English books on the other. A few select pictures should grace the clean white walls, and the floor ought to be covered with soft Persian carpets. A few comfortable chairs and *Divans* should be placed unconventionally in the room, and the only other furniture should be a spacious writing table with large drawers, in which papers and letters can be kept away tidily.

Spon's Household Manual gives "Twelve essential rules for the management of the Library," which I shall quote here:—

1. "Arrange your books into classes, according to the subjects they treat of.

2. Put everything in its proper place.

3. Always keep Directories, Atlases etc. in convenient and easily got-at places. It will often save much time and trouble to keep them in book slides on the table, or in a separate bookcase.

4. Write your name and address in a large bold handwriting on the fly-leaf of every volume.

5. If you have your books specially bound, let the same style and colour of binding be used for one class of books.

6. Never allow animals in a library. They are apt to do serious mischief to MSS. and books, while chasing some imaginary rat. Newton had the results of many years of hard brain work completely destroyed through the pranks of his favourite little dog.

7. Keep servants out of the library, except at stated intervals, and, when admitted, let them be under your special supervision. Everyone will remember that the first part of Carlyle's 'History of the French Revolution,' while yet in MS., was used by a servant to light a fire.

8. Avoid *dampness* or *excessive* heat; books require *warm dry air*, in order to preserve their bindings. Thus it will be seen that the more the books are read, the better it will be for the books.

9. On no account let the library be turned into a refreshment room for a juvenile party.

10. Never allow MS. notes, letters, etc., to litter the tables and the room. MS. notes should be kept in folding pads, or in drawers, and letters carefully filed and put away.

11. No books should be left open and placed face downwards in order to mark the place where the reader has left off; no other practice so speedily spoils books as this.

12. *Always have a good index or catalogue of the contents of the library.*"

The same book says there are 3 enemies to guard against, "Viz;—Insects, damp, and rats and mice."

May I add that the books and the whole room should be kept absolutely tidy and entirely without dust and cobwebs. Only then will the library give that atmosphere of rest and peace, which is so essential for every human being, in the busy, hectic world of today.

PADDY.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE PAGE

(1) *Answer to last months query.*

Careful Mother: "What literature am I to give my child to read, outside his school-work?"

In the first place, the point must be admitted that it is very necessary that the minds of our young people require as much nourishment as their bodies; and that they should be taught to absorb good ideas and sentiments, as much as they take in nourishing food.

In the second place, I think it should be recognised that a wise censorship should be exercised over a child's reading, especially by the mother. At the same time, it must be kept in mind that it should not be too strict; for, the moment that is done an unhealthy curiosity will be roused and the forbidden books will be surreptitiously read. But, at the same time, if a boy or a girl has been brought up in a healthy manner, he or she will not usually be at pains to search for vicious books.

I found the following interesting requirements about children's literature, in a journal:

In the first place, a book or a paper must be interesting in its appearance, its reputation, in its contents.

Secondly, they must be able to build character. Everybody knows how great is a child's curiosity. He is always asking questions to satisfy his wonder and his mental hunger. As someone has said, "His hunger drives him on to find the eternal Idea behind its temporal representation." This hunger has two phases, viz., fact and fancy. Therefore, " a child's literature must give both information and interpretation, and both must be guided according to the age and stage of his development."

A child's interests, to follow a sort of scale, as he grows up, is first centred in himself, then in the people and things around him, then in a series of special interests, and lastly in social relationships. Therefore, first he needs songs and verses with a marked rhythm, which shows itself in the love of noise and in the desire to find a sort of harmony in noise. Then, the infant also wants pictures, from which he gradually learns the names of people and animals. To very young children, fact and fancy are not much apart. Their life is full of imagination. Therefore, they love fancy tales of all kinds, A writer says: " Our effort to feed the child's hunger for an imaginative explanation or personalization of natural forces may take inspiration at this stage from a study of primitive man's efforts to find a satisfying interpretation of his world. To explain their universe and to satisfy their emotion of wonder, our ancestors invented myths and legends—they made gods, persons, demons and dragons of the invisible forces they found operating in their environment. So, legends, myths and hero-tales offer the child an aesthetic assuagement of his sense of wonder. The child who has none is undernourished; the one who cannot enjoy them (and such exist) may be likened to a diabetic."

Then come stories of " adventure, of primitive life, of contests and tournaments", which appeal to the child of twelve. Also books like *Robinson Crusoe*, which teach children about " making, building, collecting,". Then should be given books of poetry and romance and tales of self-sacrifice, mixed with biographies and stories of real life which suit the period of approaching adolescence.

It is at this period, says our friend, that the adult can best offer help. It is a period of hero-worship, and therefore all sorts of cheap romances are indulged in. And yet; "There is we feel, socially, too much at stake for us to sit by idly and see our children take an intellectual poison, or even waste their time chewing harmless weeds and straw, when there are store-houses of good food available to them." The best way to catch the interest is to make ideas live! We must remember that to a child, everything depends on action—in games and in life. It

dramatises what it reads, and tries to model its own character on it. We must also offer the child a great deal of variety. "Not only strength and boldness should win his respect, but also tenderness, reliability and quiet endurance. The social virtues particularly should be found in the heroes he yearns to imitate.

Every book, every page, a child reads should serve to build some quality or deepen some perception in him. Constructive literature is the world's great need. Not an hour of precious growing time ought to be wasted on books that stimulate pride, greed, cruelty, selfishness, hatred, or disrespect of our fellow-men. It is even a waste of time to stimulate hatred of baseness, smallness, injustice, since these are the logical reverse of nobility, largeness of spirit, and justice. The negative qualities appear on the scene from time to time for artistic effect, to show the noble qualities the more clearly, but there is no need to call into play the negative attitude of mind by emphasizing their horrors. The task of a person writing books for children to read should be a constructive one from first to last."

Again, we must not neglect the likes and dislikes of children to certain books, but think there is some reason for them.

MOTHER CONFESSOR.

New Query

Is a mother-in-law justified in living in her son-in-law's house after her daughter's marriage?

COOKERY NOTES

PUMPKIN PIE

½ cup sugar
1 cup scalded milk
2 eggs slightly beaten
1 cup cooked pumpkin
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons molasses
2 tablespoons melted butter
1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Mix sugar, salt, and spice, add pumpkin, molasses, eggs slightly beaten, melted butter and milk gradually. Bake in one crust in a quick oven for seven minutes to set the rim, decrease heat and cook in a moderate oven about one hour.

SPANISH RICE

½ cup rice
2 green peppers chopped
1 small onion chopped
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 large can tomatoes
2 tablespoons butter
salt
¼ lb. grated American cheese

Put butter in saucepan and cook onion, and rice gently until onions are yellow. Add tomatoes, peppers and seasoning. Cook slowly for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour, add cheese just before taking up. If too thick add a little boiling water.

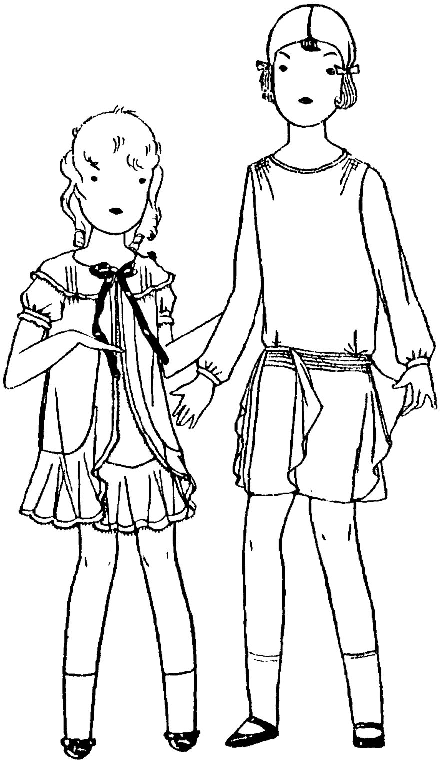
Peach Whip

1 qt. can of sliced peaches	3 tablespoons sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup tapioca	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla
Cold water	2 egg whites

Drain the juice from the peaches and add enough water to make 2 cups. In this syrup, cook the tapioca and sugar until clear. Add the sliced peaches. When cool add vanilla and fold in beaten whites of eggs. Serve very cold with soft custard or plain cream.

From "the Parents Magazine"

NEEDLEWORK NOTES



From the Parents Magazine.

HEALTH NOTES

(SELECTED)

HELPING THE CONVALESCENT

When a woman is really ill she forgets to bother about her looks, but when pain is over and strength is returning it often helps a convalescent towards recovery, if she can be encouraged to take interest, in her appearance. Those, who are looking after a convalescent patient should do their utmost to make the bedroom pretty and dainty. Flowers must be kept fresh, the water in the vases changed daily, and all plants and cut flowers should be removed from the room at night. Then, a different bedspread should be used, if possible, to the one in use during the patient's illness, and daintily embroidered pillow-slips can be put on for the daytime. Arrange a small table near the bed on which the patient can place her books and magazines, etc., and if visitors are permitted draw up an easy chair near the bed, so that the visitor, when seated, can be seen by the patient. A pretty bed-jacket should be worn by the patient when sitting up in bed. There are very charming and quite inexpensive ones to be bought nowadays. Special attention should be paid to the patient's hair, as after an illness it generally becomes dull, lifeless and thin. It should be cut in order to strengthen it, brushed well night and morning, and occasionally the scalp should be thoroughly massaged with the tips of the fingers dipped in olive oil or a rosemary lotion. If, after an illness, the skin of the face and hands has become dry and harsh, a little cold cream should be applied, after the face and hands have been washed and dried. After it has been allowed to soak in for about fifteen minutes, the surplus should be wiped off with a swab of clean cotton-wool. Cream should not be applied to the skin at night while the patient is not in good health, as it might clog the pores. A very few minutes spent in daily manicure will keep the hands in good condition.

INVALID DIET.

All food for invalids, whether in the convalescent stage or not, must be the very best of its kind. In order to tempt a patient to eat, the food must be really well-cooked and served in an attractive manner. Use small plates, cups and dishes, and never serve too much at a time. The tray-cloth must be spotless, the china and silver bright and shining. If a special diet is not ordered by the doctor in attendance, then the ordinary "light diet" dishes may safely be served. These include beef tea, chicken broth, veal broth, beef tea allowed to become cold and set into a jelly, egg and milk jellies, milk foods, junket, custard, steamed filleted fish, chicken, etc. Always provide plenty to drink. Home-made lemonade and barley-water are excellent thirst-quenchers. To counter act the effect of

too many milk foods upon the mouth, provide the patient with fresh fruit. Even in severe illness the juice of sweet grapes is generally allowed, and as the patient reaches the convalescent stage give more grapes and the strained juice of oranges. Later, whole oranges and ripe apples may be enjoyed, and baked apples with cream and ripe bananas mashed with cream are nourishing. Lemons may be used in various ways in invalid cookery.

The Madras Mail

HONEY AS A DISINFECTANT

As a result of the National Bee-keepers' Association offering a prize of 1000 dollars for a method of approximately making honey, and with the idea of imitating the work of the bee generally, the bee-keepers "knew their bees", as the prize money is still waiting. Scientists are fascinated by the systematic life of the bee, and are beginning to discover some new facts about their product. One reason for the value of honey as a food for man has been apparently found out. Old-time bee-keepers have always known that, if honey is placed in a barrel not thoroughly dry, the seams will open and the honey will run out. This peculiar thing has puzzled scientists for some long time, but now it is discovered that honey absorbs the moisture from anything damp with which it comes in contact. It draws moisture from the staves of the barrel. Further investigation of this characteristic reveals that the lack of any forms of bacteria in honey is caused in much the same way. An unlucky microbe falling into a honey-pot dries up and dies. Honey, so this latter research indicates, is its own disinfectant. It is one of the safest foods in the world. Sealed in the waxen cells of the comb, it is kept clean and pure, and when it is extracted and exposed to the air it kills any dangerous organisms falling into it by absorbing their liquid content.

Health.

TEA-MAKING TIPS

There are four important points to remember when making tea : (1) Never use water that has not reached boiling point. (2) Do not allow the water to boil too long. (3) Do not allow the tea to brew longer than five minutes. (4) Never make tea in a metal pot. The pot should be of earthenware or porcelain.

Warm and scald out the pot, then add the dry leaves in the proportion of one level teaspoonful to each half-pint, or an ounce for every seven persons. Pour boiling water over the leaves and put on the lid without delay. Allow to stand three or four minutes.

Care should be taken to use a teapot in proportion to the size of the party, for if the pot is only partly filled the tea will cool too quickly.

If the leaves have not been tied in a piece of muslin before brewing, the tea will require to be passed through a sieve to ensure that none of the leaves find their way into the cups.

Health.

PREVENTION OF BUG INFESTATION OF HOUSES

Bed bugs may live without food foı a considerable time. Experimental data reported in this article indicates that the adult may live for ten weeks. During the time the female lays eggs, these hatch, and the young live for three months, all without any food. A knowledge of the life, history and habits of the insect is necessary before attempting to control it. Floor cracks, furniture, picturest picture rails and wall paper may all be involved as breeding places. Sprays do not seem to be satisfactory, for, although they kill the bugs by direct contact they do not reach behind the skirting boards, picture rails, ete. The conclusion arrived at is that vigorous cleansing with soap and water and fumigation with S02 gas is most effective. As a further preventive, a cement facing instead of wooden skirting board is advised.

Health.

HABITS MAY MAKE OR MAR A CHILD

We are all creatures of habit, though many people go through life without realising the fact. If it were more generally grasped, the world would be a distinctly pleasanter place to live in, because much more attention would be paid to the formation of "good" habits.

For the first few weeks of life, Nature provides the instinct which causes the infant automatically to seek food, sleep, etc. But almost immediately the normal healthy child conforms to the routine laid down by nurse or mother; therefore this routine should be wisely planned with an eye to the future. Good habits are just as easily learned as bad ones, and the mother who remembers this saves herself a great deal of work, besides giving her child a much better chance of health and consequent happiness.

As children grow older, sometimes objectionable habits are formed, and these habits may be directly attributable to physical defects. Take two of the most common ; nail-biting and eye-blinking. These are sure signs that something is out of gear in the nervous system ; therefore the cause should be sought and dealt with, before much is attempted in the way of checking the habits themselves.

Again, a child may be constantly "sniffing", yet show no actual sign of "cold,'. In nine cases out of ten, if he is examined by a doctor, it will be found that there is some chronic catarrhal condi-

tion which sets up a certain amount of irritation. "Sniffing" momentarily relieves this discomfort, and so the child performs the action perpetually, until it becomes an unconscious habit.

On the other hand, the foundations of many good habits can be laid in early childhood, to become later on an automatic and unconscious part of daily life.

The care of the teeth, the general hygiene of the body, attention to the little details which make or mar the personal appearance, the care of clothes and general possessions—all these are everyday examples of "good" habits which help to oil the wheels of existence for the "herd" as well as for the individual.

Remember also that there are mental as well as physical habits which are learned in childhood. Truthfulness and lying are much more often matters of habit than of ethics.

The Madras Mail.

NEWS AND NOTES

(SELECTED).

THE ALL-ASIAN WOMEN'S CONFERENCE.

The Associated Press is informed that the response given by the Press, by Women's Associations, and by prominent individuals, to the proposal that an All-Asian Women's Conference should be held, has been so satisfactory and enthusiastic that the promoters feel quite justified in going forward enthusiastically with the scheme.

The leading Women's Associations have signified their willingness to cooperate; such as the All-India Women's Conference, the Delhi Women's League, the Women's Indian Association, the Lady Hardinge Medical College, the All-India League for Maternity and Child Welfare, the Vigilance Society. Offers of hospitality for the Conference have been made by the women of Lahore, Delhi and Madras. Provisionally, the suitability of Lahore has been accepted in view of the Asiatic Teachers' Conference being held in Benares about the same time.

An informal meeting of a number of women from different parts of India took place at the Taj Mahal Hotel on January 25, at which the next steps to be taken were discussed. Since then, the draft-invitation has been under formulation and circulation to a number of the most representative women of India chosen, not with regard to Province or Associations, but by reason of their prominence in various aspects of Indian life. These include: Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, Dr. Muthulakshmi Ammal, Lady D. Tata, Lady Hydari, Rani Lakshmi Bai Rajwade, Dr. Poonen Lukhose, Srimathi Annasuyabai Ben, Srimathi Pratima Devi, Mrs. Rameshwari Nehru.

SEX "WARFARE"

The appointment by the London County Council of a woman to the headship of one of the largest mixed schools under its control, promises to raise the sex-equality controversy in an acute form in the teaching profession. Women's teaching organisations always contended that the best qualified person, irrespective of sex, should be appointed to such a post, whereas the men maintained that no woman could preserve discipline over boys of a certain age.

This view has hitherto been largely upheld in practice, since Miss L. B. Morris who has just been selected as Head Teacher of the Central School, Peckham Rye, is one of the few women to receive such an appointment.

The members of the Council's Education Committee received letters of protest from male teachers, and the Secretary of the National Association of Schoolmasters expressed their point of view, opining that if boys are to grow up to be manly men, they must be in charge of men. There was the further objection that some men might refuse to serve under women. This point, however, is ridiculed by the Secretary of the National Union of Women Teachers, who characterised it as mediæval and said that such men were unfit to be in charge of girls or to supervise women teachers. Miss Morris herself regretted that the sex question was ever raised. She said that no harm could be done as long as the staff was mixed. She thought the job should be given to the individual best fitted for it, whether a man or a woman.

CANADIAN SENATE.

VACANCY OFFERED TO WOMAN.

The appointment to the Senate has been announced of Mrs. Norman Wilson of Ottawa, wife of a former member of the Federal House of Commons and daughter of an ex-Senator. If she accepts it, she will be the first woman Senator in Canada.

The eligibility of women to the Senate was decided by the Privy Council a few months ago, which, on appeal by representatives of the women of Canada from the Supreme Court's judgment, passed a verdict that the word "person" in the Canadian constitution included females.

There are at present five vacancies in the Senate which, when filled, will give the Liberals a clear majority in the Upper Chamber for the first time in 15 years.—*Madras Mail.*

MUSIC DEMONSTRATION BY SCHOOLGIRLS.

Music is an expression of a man's or woman's feeling; it has a soothing influence on them; it has been frequently alluded to as

a woman's accomplishment in the Indian classical literature; most of the classical songs are devotional; it has been handed down from the master to pupil in Ancient India; Indian Music has a system which is the most ancient in the world; its composition was dated several centuries before the Christian era. These are the remarks made by the Zemindarini of Kumaramangalam, who presided over the demonstration of Indian music by the Girls' Schools in Madras given at the Museum Theatre. The demonstration was under the kind patronage and in the immediate presence of Lady Beatrix Stanley. There was a large and distinguished gathering of Indian ladies; every seat was occupied. Team singing is of recent origin. The demonstration was the first of the kind to be organised in Madras, and for the matter of that in the whole of India. Six Girls' schools participated in it. It was a success: there was no confusion or delay in the performance. It went off with a swing from start to finish. A dozen of the items were from the compositions in Telugu of Tyagaraja, who was the greatest composer in South India. The demonstration was organised by the School Sangeetha Demonstration Committee, assisted by Mr. P. Sambamurthi, Professor of music, Queen Mary's College, Madras.

Music is now an optional subject in the Secondary School-Leaving Certificate and University Examinations. The Hon. Rajah Sir Annamalai Chetti has founded very recently a College of Music at Chidambaram.

THE HINDU.

BEAUTY CONTEST.

The beauty championship of Europe, carrying the proud title of "Miss Europe," was won by a lady who originally did not intend to enter. Mlle. Alice Diplarakou, an 18-year-old Grecian brunette, found herself, almost by mistake, among 19 International contestants, who submitted their charms to the arbitrament of an International Jury in Paris. When the lady to represent her country was being selected at Athens, she and her parents attended only as spectators in the British Ambassador's box. Her striking beauty, however, attracted immediate attention and she was prevailed upon to become one of the competitors. Her successs in the Greek competition, followed, though it was not altogether popular at the time. The verdict of the Paris Jury, however, silenced every discordant note in her native country and her success was received with enthusiasm.

The distinguished guests at a banquet given by the Greek Foreign Minister, cheered loudly when the result was received and the Premier, M. Venizelos, telegraphed his congratulations.

It is noticeable that apparently the most beautiful girls in Europe belong to the upper middle classes. The winner is the daughter of a Barrister. The other competitors included the daughters of a Hungarian Naval officer, a Rumanian General, a Russian Provincial Governor, a Czechoslovakian Bank Manager, a Turkish Government official and a Jugoslavian Colonel.

The Championship of Europe is not the ultimate pinnacle to which Mlle. Diplarakou can aspire, for she with other European beauties, is now eligible to contend for the title of "Miss Universe," at a competition which is to be held late in the summer, at which selected representatives of all the world are expected to participate.

The Madras Mail

WOMEN WANT DEATH PENALTY

Giving evidence before the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, which has been engaged for some time in gathering the effect on criminals of the death penalty for murder and the probable result of its abolition, Dr. Methven, Governor of Maidstone Prison, who has over forty reprieved murders in his charge, opposed total abolition of death penalty. He said the result would be that thieves would carry arms and use them in order to reduce the chance of arrests.

The expression of opinion by Dr. Methven that, as woman rarely committed murder of the first degree, no harm could be done by abolishing the death penalty as far as women were concerned, has aroused the fierce opposition of feminists, who describe the proposal as the last stand of superior sex against absolute equality of sexes. The Secretary of Women's Freedom League while opposed to capital punishment, argued that women's demand for equality before law called for its retention for women, as long as it would be inflicted on men.

ARTS AT THE WOMEN'S CONFERENCE.

It takes a great artist to make a perfect gesture of appreciation. The spontaneous offer of the internationally famous pianist, Mr. Alfred Mirovitch, to play for the delegates of the women's Conference "as a tribute to Indian Womanhood" was such a gesture. The "At Home" to delegates and hostesses, which had been arranged by Lady Dorab Tata at her mansion, on the final day of the Bombay Conference, formed a fitting occasion for the pianist's recital. The crowded salons delighted in the beauty and variety of his playing, and the climax was reached when he chose to play Chopin's Study in E major and explained quite simply that, when Chopin thought of his country in subjection to a foreign power, as he played its lovely folk-song melody, the tears were always in his eyes. As Mrs. Naidu said in thanking Mr.

Mirovitch, "his exquisite playing had given the coronation of Beauty to the Women's Conference" He is a Russian by birth, naturalised in America, and his appreciation was in the nature of an international gesture which will long be remembered by Indian womanhood with deep gratitude.

Drama gave the delegates its inspiration in a play of Harendranath Chattopadhyayya's, performed delightfully by the girls of the New High School under Miss Chattophyayya's direction, and by a parody on Early Marriage and the evasion of the Sarda Act, played to the very life by the delegates from Andhradesha. Then again there were the Folk-dances of Gujerat given at the Concert with artistic coloured lighting, a performance full of freshness and cultural charm. Indian and Western music were complementary factors in the entirely successful Concert, which was a new experiment in the Conference Programme, and which added Rs. 1,640 to the Conference coffers, and brought to light much talent in the delegates. The orchestral Indian music presented by the Deodhar School of Music was significant of the new life which is pulsing through all phases of the national expression. It holds great promise for the future and the Conference is indebted to Mr. Deodhar for the concert it provided for the delegates. The lecture given on Indian architecture by Mr. Vakel with lantern illustrations was so interesting that it proved that the Conference has done well in asking that Architecture should be made one of the optional subjects for women in the Universities. Finally, there was the impressiveness of the titanic sculpture in the Cave of Elephanta. The picnic party to the Cave was one of the high-lights of the Conference; and then the sight of that immortal, colossal Trimuthi, the Three in One, and the other great sculptured subjects, which Captain Solomons, Principal of the Bombay School of Arts, so kindly explained, particularly the great figure of Ardhanarishwara (half-Lady, half-Lord), and the Eight Mothers of the Universe, with the God of War at one side of the panel and the God of Peace and good luck at the other, all of which carried our humanity right into the stream of divine evolution. The Bombay Conference has been unique in the gifts of art, which it showered on the delegates, and the result will be far-reaching.

The Stri Dharma.

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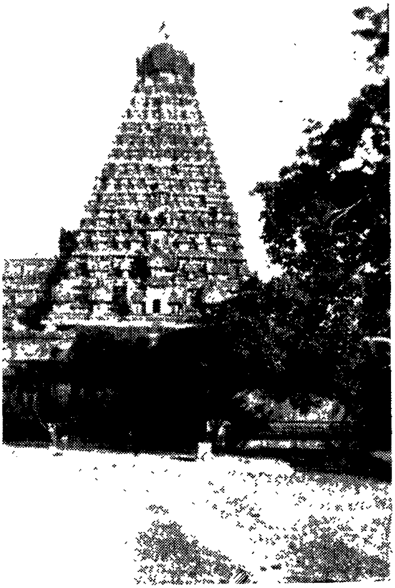

THE BRAHADESWARA TEMPLE, TANJORE.

This historical temple was built during the reign of the Chola King, RajaRaja, who reigned from 1023 to 1064 A. D. The great Tower of the temple was constructed at great sacrifice of labour and money, and the structure was reputed to be built on the basement from an inclined plane. The huge granite block about 26 feet square was said to have been placed on the summit through the incline. The great Engineering skill involved can be seen in the fact that the huge tower does not cast any shadow under the sun's rays, either in the morning or in the evening. Whatever the position of the sun, the rays fall on all sides to prevent any shadow being cast. This aspect of the shadowless tower requires closer study. It is for the mathematician to solve the problem.

N. RAMABHADRAN.